THE WILMERDING LIFE

Fred Imangelsdorf
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THE WILMERDING LIFE

Published Quarterly by the
Students of the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts,
Seventeenth and Utah Streets,
San Francisco, Cal.

JUNE
NINETEEN TEN

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GEORGE F. WOOD, Vice-Principal ..... Plumbing

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ALICE E. CROWE ..... Registrar

To the Class of Nineteen Ten this book is affectionately dedicated. May they be as successful in years to come as they have been as a class.

W. MUELLER
Electrical, S. F.
'10 Class Basketball Team in '10
'10 Class Baseball Team in '10

P. SKOV
Architect, S. F.
Football Team '07-'08-'09
Grounds and Property '07-'08
Board of Control '08
Swimming Team '07-'08-'09-'10
Pres. of Board of Control '09-'10
Basketball Team in '09-'10
Vice-Pres. of Student Body '09-'10
'10 Class Baseball Team in '10
Secretary '10 Class in '08

D. LISK
Electrical, Monterey County
Track Team in '08-'09
'10 Class Baseball Team in '09
'10 Class Basketball Team in '10
Orchestra and Band

J. SMITH
Electrical, S. F.
'10 Class Baseball Team in '09-'10

B. FISHER
Architect, Berkeley
Collector of Student Body Dues
Pitcher '10 Class Baseball Team '09-'10

A. KRAMER
Electrical, Kern County
'10 Class Track Team in '09
'10 Class Baseball Team in '09

A. HALLING
Architect, S. F.
Catcher '10 Class Baseball Team in '09-'10
Forward on '10 Class Basketball Team
in '10

T. O'BRIEN
Architect, S. F.
Secretary of '10 Class, '06

E. GRENINGER
Plumbing, S. F.
Football Team in '08
President of '10 Class in '10
Baseball Team in '09
'10 Class Basketball Team in '10
Ground and Property in '10
'10 Class Baseball Team in '09-'10
Board of Control in '10
'10 Class Football Team in '06

B. PROSEK
Architect, S. F.
Member of Board of Control, '09
Vice-Pres. of '10 Class, '09
Center field '09 Baseball Team
Art Staff of Wilmerding Life
Pitcher '10 Class Baseball Team '09-'10

J. WRIGHT
Architect, S. F.
Art Staff of Wilmerding Life
Track Manager '09
Track Team '08-'09-'10
Board of Control '10
Vice-Pres. '10 Class, '10
Secretary '10 Class, '09
Cross Country Team '09

R. MUELLER
Electrical, S. F.
'10 Class Basketball Team in '10
'10 Class Track Team in '08

L. SCHALK
Architect, S. F.
School Historian
Capt. of '10 Class Baseball Team in '09
Athletic Editor of Wilmerding Life
3rd Base '10 Class Baseball Team in '10

C. ROBERTS
Architect, S. F.
Center on '10 Class Basketball Team in '10
Right field on '10 Class Baseball Team in '09-'10
Manager Football Team in '09
Secretary of '10 Class in '10
Track Team in '10

F. WHELIN
Bricklaying, S. F.
Board of Control '09
Center field '10 Class Baseball Team '09-'10

E. Greninger,
President.

R. E. Wright,
Secretary.

History and Prophecy of the '10 Class.

WALTER AND RUDOLPH MUELLER.

It was in the midst of unsettled 1906 that our scared band of braves appeared upon the Wilmerding reservation. Our village was down and in ashes and in hopes of rebuilding our lost domain we had gathered for instruction. Many aspired to be wigwam designers and builders, others would fain have water run uphill, while many more sought information of that great spirit and bugaboo—electricity.

Quite faint-hearted were we on that first morn, and fainter still were we when a haughty brave of the Naughty Nines approached with scornful air, and spoke, saying, "Little papooses! do your squaws know you're out?"

We soon rallied together and under the leadership of "Buck" Trowbridge and Pete Skov were organized as a tribe. With the assistance of "Big Chief" Brewer and Orval Baumbaugh we succeeded in running off a class field day, for tribe members only. Although the events were remarkable, solely for their slowness, they served their purpose, namely, of arousing tribe spirit and getting us started on the athletic path. Since then many of our braves have performed proudly. "Buck" Trowbridge, "him heap big warrior," was captain of our football team and played for two seasons on the baseball and basketball teams. Many were the times that he led our braves across the plains of San Francisco on the war path and few were the times that he returned without the scalps of the enemy. He was also student body and class presidents. "Dutch" Hanly was one of the best quarterbacks the tribe ever had. He played on the baseball team and occasionally took a jaunt around the track. Other former tribesmen are the Hoffman "Twins," "Shorty" McDonald, "Sleepy" Naughton, "Cute" Van Trees, "Dreamy" Keefe, who was our first "Collector of the Wampum," and Bay

County Freshman Delegate, "Billy" Orr and "Jimmy" Riordan, two crack ball players, Milton Fox, who did a couple of years' good work on the basketball team and on the "Life," and "Fat" Ahrens, who ran only once in his life, and a doubtful once at that. Some say he ran over to Dettling's after the last pie, others claim he awoke from a day dream and ran around to see if he were alive, but it is most probable that he sat on a large sized rattlesnake. George Rodolph, captain of last year's football team, and player for three seasons, has recently left us. He did some hard work last season breaking in the new players. Tradition also tells of a battle royal, in which he tackled two Greek "creampuff merchants" who were heavily armed with stale bread. The only witnesses of this encounter were "Big Oil Chief" Christensen and his braves.

So much for those who have left us and now we will turn to those who are still here. We are now holding our last big "pow-wow" listening to what the Tribe Prophet has to say. There are fifteen of us sitting around the fire and everything is quiet as the Prophet approaches from his wigwam into the circle. He walks around slowly and peers into all the faces, then he stands still, speaking thusly: "Forty and eight enjoyable moons have gone by since we first came to the Wilmerding Reservation and during that time it has been our aim to do the best we could. Many of us have gone astray for awhile in those forty and eight moons but we are glad to say that most of us have returned to the straight and narrow path with an outlook of staying there. Our Tribe has brought to light quite a few football, baseball and basketball men, but not many track men. Although they were not stars they tried to do the best they could. Many of the leaders in student body and school politics have come from the Tribe. Of the fifteen who are left of the original seventy-five there are eight architects, five electricians, one plumber and one bricklayer, all with hopes of being successful in future years.

"Unless the Great Spirit above (G. A. M.) sees fit to change things there will be fifteen of us who will go out on the long and unknown trail.

"Our future has been disclosed to me and I will now make it known to you. Louis Schalck of Lilliputian baseball fame will be an architect's proud office boy. He is the same fellow who had to use a ladder to get upon his stool in mechanical drawing. Cheer up, Louis, we advise Charles Roberts' formula for the elongation and enlargement of small objects. For results look at Young Roberts.

"'Bob' Prosek is another of our architects. At present there are rumors of partnership between him and Crowe. Their specialty will be three-room flats. During the sixth period, however, Bob dreams pleasantly of eighteen-story Class 'A' buildings.

"Eddy Greninger is our only plumber and tinwaster. He also promotes our interests in inter-tribe sports. We won last year's baseball championship,

thereby earning the right to affix the Tribe emblem on the pennant. We will also be in this year's baseball and basketball series. During his idle hours Ed makes himself obnoxious by trying to collect Tribe dues. He tells us that a 'Collector of the Wampum' must never tire of hearing sad tales and must possess many other virtues. We'll forgive past hard-heartedness, however, and prophesy that with his early experience and a big club in his back pocket he will do well to start a collection agency.

"Jake Kramer will be a famous opera singer, and Roy Lisk will be a violinist. They will tour the world under the management of 'Chaperon' Roberts. 'Chick' Wright, of Salome fame, will design the costumes, do the bill posting and favor a few audiences with his interpretation of some of the Prosek's 'Dreams.' This company of artists will be known as the 'Flathead Quartet.' (Here's hoping they don't get the hook.)

"Quite a naval genius have we when we come to Johnny Smith. Johnny will go south in command of Nicaragua's rowboat squadron. He will be in many battles on the sea and many will be the dangers but, through his skill as a naval fighter, Captain Smith will succeed in becoming master of the southern seas. At the end of four years' service he will receive a banana plantation.

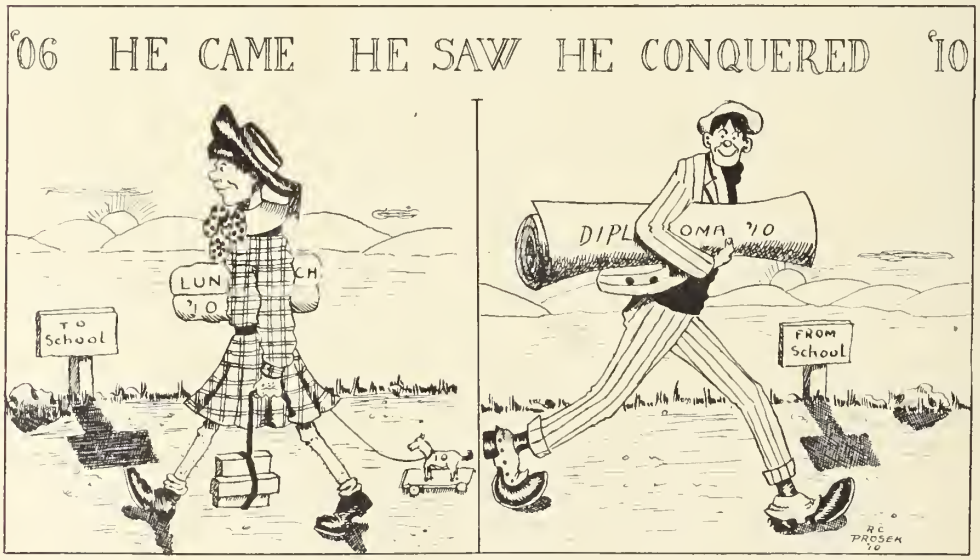
"On the same part of the globe, but in pursuit of a much more peaceful occupation, we will find our friend Bob Fisher. He will be with a party of astronomers who are going there to investigate some of the newly discovered swimming holes on Mars and the sawdust tail of Halley's comet. Bob is now preparing a petition to present to Halley himself, asking that his comet pass close enough to the oval to leave plenty of sawdust for next football season.

" 'Red' O'Brien, another of our wigwam designers, will go over to China as a wireless operator. He will be employed by the government to teach Chinese operators. It will not be necessary for him to cultivate a fiery red pigtail nor burn punk in any of the joss houses, but he will be obliged to wear 'drag heel' or Chinese slippers and eat rice occasionally and fish with chop-sticks five times a day. Beyond a doubt 'Ledie' O'Blien makee allee same vellee fine rat eater.

"Al Halling, better known as the Butchertown kid, will go to Spain and become a great bull fighter. Al should do good in the game, for as a slaughterer he has quite a record. His best performance happened when he, single-handed and with one mighty sweep, laid low seven Mammoth Terribles (ordinary horseflies). We can easily picture him as he will then be. In the best of Spanish costumes, his hair dyed black, a cigarette in his mouth and a fierce scowl on his face whilst he idly talks 'bull' and occasionally nods at the fair senoritas who are waving their lace mantillas at him. His fatal thrust will probably be that famous basketball twist of which he is the proud possessor.

"Mueller and Mueller, not 'brudders,' no relations, will go after sunken treasure. Frank Whelin will also go along as he has the map showing where the hidden valuables quietly lie. He was presented with this enormously valuable chart, the first day he came to school, by some Senior in exchange for a couple of car tickets. Frank will also be required to arbitrate all differences between the fighting Muellers. It is said that Adam refereed their first scrap while Mother Eve patched broken noses. The exact location of the treasure will be kept secret but it is generally conceded to be somewhere between Goat Island and the Farallones. What they will do with all of their wampum is hard telling but most of it will probably go towards bringing them home from the ferry.

Ah! At last we have come to our big game hunter and all around athlete, Pete Skov. Pete intended to go with Teddy Rooseveit to Africa but he finally decided to stay for the football season. Next year he will be there without fail. He intends to organize a football team among the savages and he will probably invite our Tribe team over there to play them. The savages will be muzzled and have their finger and toe nails trimmed down so our braves will have a chance of coming out alive. Pete will keep the braves together in a crowd because if they should stroll around in twos and threes there would be a fight with Pete's savages and one or the other would be sure to disappear as lunch. Pete will hang around the diamond mines as well as hunt and play football. I cannot state whether he will stub his toe on any million dollar diamonds, for Billiken himself and not the Tribe prophet controls his destiny."



Literary

FROM SIDE TO SIDE HE WOULD LOOK, BUT COULD SEE NOTHING MOVING EXCEPT HIS HORSE AND THE GREAT SHADOW THROWN BEFORE HIM.

The Way of a Coyote.

PART II.

THOS. H. FRESE.

It is now many months since I last gave an account of myself. If you remember, I was then the largest, fiercest and most beautifully coated coyote in the great scope of country where I roamed, and with the aid of my companion, Lop Ear, from time to time I aroused the anger of the stockmen by unmerciful slaughter of calves, sheep and other stock; and then again, you remember how, after eluding them from time to time, the wind murmured that a strange, swift-footed dog, who was my superior in battle, was to be brought into the land and put on my track. That was the last you heard.

The next few months there was neither rest nor sleep for me. It was on my mind all the time. Every gust of wind brought some new bit of warning, and the thick timber in which we concealed ourselves in the day time seemed to verify these reports by a low sound which I had never heard before. I believed every bit of what was murmured. The fall of a leaf would put me on my feet with a jump. Lop Ear rested and slept the same as usual, only to be awakened at times by my peculiar actions; she laughed and then went to sleep again. When darkness came I felt safer, but even then there was a sound with the night which haunted me. And my voice was changing. The loud, clear wail that I could send out months before was giving away to a screechy sound. The stockmen were aware of it. Of the great tribe that I belonged to there was not one whose howl had compared with mine, but that change kept growing.

On moonlight nights I often would see some rancher ride over the range to a social gathering or meeting. Then I would, for meanness' sake, sneak up near him, let out the most awful howl, watch him pull out his gun, and then be out of sight. From side to side he would look, but could see nothing moving except his horse and the great shadow thrown out before him. Often I would follow for miles and repeat this act every chance I had. Not once would he fail to pull his Winchester or Colt from its scabbard, for the reward on my hide and scalp was no small one. Sometimes he would use the most awful language because he could not see me. There was nothing that seemed too mean for me to do toward the stockmen since I was being haunted by the many strange sounds. I blamed it all on to them.

One night Lop Ear and I decided to cross what is called the Black Mountains and go into a basin on the other side, that is entirely a sheep country. The forepart of the night was warm and we traveled slowly. Toward morning the fog drifted in and the air grew cold and damp. At daybreak the fog hung thick and low, but having been through there many times before, I knew exactly where we were. The sheep could be plainly heard and there were two different bands,

one on each side of us. About nine o'clock the fog lifted and Lop Ear walked to the edge of the timber to glance over the basin and get a bit of sunlight. In a few minutes she returned, and the rest of the day was spent on that ridge of thickly covered lilac.

When evening came we trotted toward the largest of the sheep camps. The fog came in early, there was not a bit of wind, and I felt that it was the night for a record-breaking slaughter. Not a light could be seen, and only the low ding of a sheep bell told us when we were within a few hundred yards of the camp. We waited for some time and then decided to use our old trick. Lop Ear was to attract the attention of the herder's dogs from the opposite side of the sheep, and then, having drawn them far enough away, I was to strike the herd. It was only a short time when she had them yelping and was drawing them away. Without a minute's warning I was among the sheep, striking down the lambs right and left. A regular stampede followed, but I kept on. The thick fog was my cover, and not until the dogs were being called back, did I stop, and by the time they got there I was well on my way back to the timbered ridge with a lamb swung partly over my back. How many I killed and cut up I do not know, but it was many more than ever before. It was not a killing for what I wanted to eat, but revenge for a feeling that I was unable to shake off.

After eating our fill we went to the edge of the timber, and far below under the lifting fog we could see men picking up the dead lambs as they lay scattered here and there and throwing them into a heap. They were wild with rage, and that made me laugh. I felt that in time there would be nothing too daring for me to do.

That night we hit the trail for the cattle country, but a week later returned to the other camp and repeated our previous act. The following month we sent more terror among the stockmen than ever before. Not a night passed but what we made a killing of some kind. The reward for my scalp had been greatly enlarged and one hundred dollars more if I was taken alive.

One morning as I lay in the thick timber at the head of a cattle ranch, Lop Ear having not yet returned, a fellow tribesman came tearing into the timber very much excited and rested long enough to tell how a strange beast had come into the land and was playing havoc among other coyotes. That was all and he was gone. It startled me, yet I knew it was true, for the winds had warned me time and time again, and I believed in them. Lop Ear having not yet returned, my fears were increased. The hair on my back stood up. While anxiously waiting for her, the wind shifted and from far below, where we had been that night, came a sound that I had never heard before. It was not a shepherd-dog's yelp, but much deeper and kept on continually. The sound was sickening, but nearer it came. A moment more and Lop Ear dashed into the timber very much excited and her tongue hanging out.

"Some homely, long-legged, gray-haired demon is after me," she wailed, and then continued on. That was the last I ever saw of her. I was in great fear, yet

did not try to follow, but rushed to the edge of the timber to take a peep into the country from whence the yelping was coming. What should I see there but from one to three mounted men on every ridge leading up toward me and all going at a lively gait. A little nearer and I could hear them urging on the beast that I had not seen. Fight and kill him I must and I decided to lead him into the heart of the timber and there do it. But the first glance at him made me think differently. A queer feeling came over me. It made me turn and run. I later learned that this strange dog was a Russian wolf hound and the first to be brought into the country where I roamed.

I had been standing in Lop Ear's tracks and began to fear that when he got to that place he would follow mine, as the scent being newer was stronger. And so he did. The next minute found me traveling fast on the other side of the ridge. Out of the timber I shot with the intention of crossing to another timbered ridge, but to my surprise found it guarded, and so I quickly returned. To the other side I ran, only to find it guarded. There were mounted men everywhere, and it was evident that they intended to rope me if I tried to cross the open country, which was a wide stretch.

I felt as I never had before. The hair on my back was higher than ever. To run on or cross my old tracks seemed to do no good. Whenever I went near the edge of the timber I would hear the jabbering of some cow-puncher, and that sent me back. Every glance of the beast added to my fear. A half hour more in that timber meant that I would be torn to pieces. But what could I do? Fight until the last, and that was natural. Just then I thought of an old mine a few hundred yards from the timber that had not been worked for years. It struck me if I could carry the fight into it, that by trickery I might put the brute out of existence, even though it might cost me my own life, which I was at that time quite willing to give if I only could get his.

Inside the tunnel about ninety feet is a shaft that goes down several hundred feet, and was dry at the bottom. If I could start the fight at this point, I meant to drag it into the shaft, and that would be the end of both of us. So away I went. As tired as I was, I managed to dash between two of the horsemen before they could get within roping distance of me, and a few seconds more was at the edge of the shaft, prepared for what was to come. Every second seemed like a minute, and my heart beat heavily. Then like a flash he came. When within about twenty feet, he made a most savage jump for me. His glaring yellow eyes and opened mouth as he came sent a feeling through me that forced me to dodge to the side of the tunnel. The last I remember seeing of him was his long forefeet shoot over the edge of the shaft, his body followed, and a second or two later I heard it strike the bottom.

That feeling which is attained by an animal at the very instant that it is about to seize and kill an enemy, had undoubtedly blinded him from the terrible death pit which was behind me. It was hard to believe, yet plainly seen. I had by

AS TIRED AS I WAS I MANAGED TO DASH BETWEEN TWO OF THE HORSEMEN.

trickery mastered one whom I feared to meet in open battle. My tribe need no longer fear this beast.

A few seconds more and I was far down in a crevice at the end of a tunnel that branched out from the main one, a few yards before reaching the shaft. The place was quite familiar to me, for I had been over every inch of it time and time again. From where I lay concealed I could hear some of the men entering the tunnel, and a dim yellow light showed that they had torches. They entered with the expectation of finding a dead coyote and a hound standing over him. But in their search neither was to be found, and they could not understand it. They sent torches down into the shaft, but as they went out long before reaching the bottom, nothing could be learned as to what was there.

They were about to give up when a little Scotch terrier, a participant in the chase, smelled me and began to bark. They all rushed to the crevice and urged her on, but she dared only go so far. Then they called her back, set fire to an old sack that they found, and threw it down near me. The strong smoke soon began to choke and blind me. I stayed there until I could stand it no longer, and then started to climb out. But at the last little climb I was too weak to go on. As I stood there, blinded, coughing, and about to drop back down from exhaustion, some one threw a rope over my neck and dragged me out. I could not fight any more and here ended my freedom.

That afternoon I found myself in a rancher's back yard, tied to a chain. I was sick at body and heart, and wished that I was at the bottom of the shaft with the hound. The men stood on all sides of me, smoked cigarettes and almost talked their heads off, they were so excited. Each one bragged of the part he had taken. But not one had a word to say as to what became of the hound. Toward evening they departed. That night I tried to chew the chain in two. I chewed until my teeth got sore.

For the next few weeks I remained tied to the chain. Many people came to have a look at me. Little children coming home from school would stop and throw crumbs at my feet. I had plenty to eat and soon grew strong again; but it was a peculiar life.

One November morning the rancher with the aid of two others, forced me into a box, put it on a wagon and then drove me off to a place where there was an election being held. Stockmen from all over the country where I once had roamed, were there and many of them had brought their dogs. Just for a little amusement, as they called it, it was decided that I should be turned into a tight pen and one dog at a time let in to fight me. One old fellow bet ten dollars that his bulldog could down me in two minutes.

His was the first to be let in. After a few seconds the dog wanted to get out so badly that he even tried to climb over. The men roared with laughter. The next one turned in did not want anything to do with me. We had once met in the timber near a sheep camp, and he remembered it. The third one fared no better than the first. One after another I stood them off. When they all had

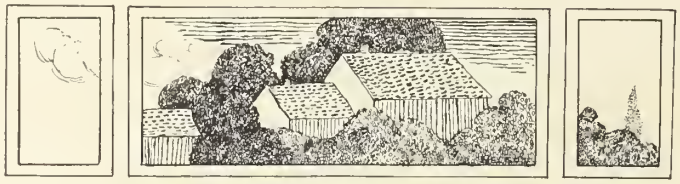
been given a trial and the sport was growing old, they turned two into me. I managed to hold my own. Then came five. That made it an uneven fight. The men grew wild with excitement.

The dogs had all but taken the last bit of life out of me, when some stranger jumped into the pen with a club. Right and left he swung it, and every blow was answered by the yelp or howl from one of the dogs as he cleared out of the pen. An old bulldog that had me by the throat got a blow on the head that stretched him out on the ground and for a time looked as though it had killed him. This caused some rough words to be exchanged, but the excitement and cruel sport ended. For a minute or two I lay in the pen, too weak to stand and suffering from the many wounds on my body. Then the man who had used the club, with a rope bound me, head to feet, placed me in the bed of his wagon and drove away.

On arriving at his home I was placed in a spacious cage. For days I lay there, too sick to eat, and suffered much pain from my wounds. To add to these bodily sufferings there would be spells when I could think only of the cruel sports directed by men when I was helplessly cooped up in a cage—then I grew nearly frantic. At times it went far above pain. But weeks later, when I began to grow strong again and my wounds had about healed, there came a change. Lying, as I often would, with my head between my forefeet and eyes partly closed, there appeared a faint light in the distance. It was the dawn of a proud feeling growing from the never-to-be-forgotten incident that took place at the shaft in the mine, and the result of which meant so much to my tribe. And close to follow came the picture of the man in the pen swinging the club with terrific effect upon the dogs.

To think that there was one among men who had some feeling for me! And to swell my gratitude comes the kind treatment which I am now receiving under his care. Not a day goes by but what I am well fed. At times I am let out of my cage and into a large yard. There my master, as I call him, will sit before me for hours at a time, but what he does I do not know. And the wind has murmured that so will I continue to live until the end.

Through the long, dark nights I listen to the calls of other coyotes, and often wish that I was free and among them. Then again I have no right to complain, for my one great ambition has been filled—that ambition was to live in peace and have plenty to eat.



The Ray of Death.

F. S. Coryn, '11.

THE CHATEAU DE ROCHFORT reared its gray, desolate head and frowned upon the landscape around, a gray blot upon the surface of the plain. Sullen, gray, mysterious as the distant mountains themselves, it loomed amid its forest of birch and cypress, and east a shadow of superstition and fear upon all the country; its deep, dark shadow was cast like a death-pall upon the dank waters of the silent black river that flowed past—the river that seemed to live as it writhed its way across the plain, springing from the mysterious mountains on the west and disappearing into the depths of the great haunted forest in the east—never a ripple upon its surface, never a murmur from its waters—as it wound its way past the grim chateau. And the peasants crossed themselves whenever they passed within the shadow of the gray walls.

In this mighty sepulchre lived a man—the Count de Rochefort—and nobody knew who else. It was, indeed, only a rumor that the Count himself lived there, for I could find no one who had ever seen him—that was, during the last twenty years, since the chateau had ceased to be the social center of the country and had become a living tomb. Only there were a few who spoke with bated breath of a tall, gaunt figure, which, at sunrise and sundown, might be seen standing upon the tallest battlement gazing afar over the country towards the east, as if watching for some one, his hand shading his eyes from the level rays of the sun—at sunset, in the twilight, when it was just light enough to see the plain, and at sunrise, just as the first beams of the sun shot above the horizon, and at no other time; such was the rumor, and there were those who swore that they had seen the tall figure upon the battlements, but there were none who could describe him.

Also, rumor told a strange tale. It told that, many years ago, when the Count first came to the chateau, a very young man, he had brought with him a young and beautiful wife, whereupon the chateau had become the social center of the whole province. Many were the tales that the old peasants told of gay doings at the chateau—the balls, masques, banquets and parties. And the chateau was beautiful in those days, and the Count was very happy with his young wife.

In due time, so the story runs, a boy and a girl were born to them, who grew, the girl more beautiful, the boy more strong, with the flight of the golden years. The old chateau was surrounded with flower gardens that grew more beautiful every year, and the boy and the girl grew among the roses, the delight of the father, and the pride of their beautiful mother. And the peasants and

country folk around grew to love these people, and came to them for advice when in trouble, and called for them when they were sick. And the Count willingly gave all the advice and judgment within his power, while the mother and daughter tended the sick and needy with the compassion and tenderness of angels.

Thus the Count lived with his wife and children in a veritable paradise, till the boy and the girl had grown to the first flush of young manhood and womanhood.

Then, on a day in the summer, there came to the chateau a dark, swarthy man, riding on the road which leads to the East—the road which is regarded with superstitious fear by the natives, none know why. The trappings of his horse were of silk and gold, wrought in barbaric and weird designs, and his dark eyes flashed with a princely hauteur that well became his handsome face. And he rode up to the great gates of the chateau and knocked loud and long. And when the gates were opened to him the Count welcomed him, and he was received with open arms, as if he had been a tried and trusted friend.

For many months he lived in the chateau and shared in all the joys of the place; he walked and rode with the Count and his wife, and told tales of the wars and of love around the great fires at eventide. He strolled in the rose gardens when the moon was high with the boy and his sister, telling them of strange lands and peoples, of the barbaric civilization and savage splendors of the East; so that he was loved by the Count and his wife, and by the boy and his beautiful sister.

And then one day in the early spring he left the chateau, not without many embraces and farewells, and rode off toward the east. But there are some who say that, as he topped the hill which leads to the high-road, his accoutrements glistening in the afternoon sun, he turned and looked at the chateau and laughed—a bitter, heart-broken laugh—speaking to himself some words in a foreign tongue; then he waved his hand, shook his fist, and departed along the road which leads to the east.

That very night—nay, before the dust had settled from the beating hoofs of the stranger's horse, the Countess was taken ill and died. And before morning the boy and the girl, the idol and hope of the bereaved father's heart, had joined their mother. And the man who had stood upon the hill and laughed as he turned his back upon the chateau was never seen again—he rode away towards the east, singing in a strange, outlandish tongue and laughing to himself. And it was remembered that the Countess had been heard to converse in that tongue.

For three years after that the chateau appeared to be empty. Never was there a sound from the battlements nor a wreath of smoke from the chimney. But there was one who said that, in the gray twilight of the morning, while the white mist still clung to the heaving breast of the silent river and the dew dripped heavily from the trees, he had seen the Count, booted and spurred, his

pistols in his holsters, his sword at his side, riding furiously along the high-road—the road to the east.

For three years the chateau, once so gay and full of life, was tenantless. Ivy grew across the walls and covered the great gate. The great panes of stained glass were broken and the moat ran dry. Then one evening, just as the sun was setting, casting a crimson blaze across the black breast of the river, and throwing deep shadows from the dark, desolate chateau, the Count returned. He rode slowly, his head hanging upon his breast, and his face was furrowed with lines that had not been there before.

Arrived at the gate of the chateau, he dismounted slowly and took the pistols from the holsters, dashing them violently to the ground. Then he drew his rapier, snapped it across his knee and flung the pieces from him. Turning, with his steed's bridle over his arm, he walked slowly into the chateau. The black shadows grew longer and were swallowed up in the dusk, the crimson flush died from the face of the river, and the black night fell upon the chateau.

Since then no living being had been discerned within the chateau, save now and again one old servant. None, save only the silent figure that stood on the battlements at sunrise and sunset. Some said it was the Count himself—some said that it was his ghost, waiting to avenge his wife and children—and some did not dare say what they thought.

* * * * * *

The moment I set foot within the chateau a shadow seemed to fall across my soul, as if I had stepped into a tomb of the living dead—an atmosphere of terror surrounded me, the place seemed tenanted by some grim avenger. I wished that I had not consented to attend the Count. But the messenger had pleaded so hard—the Count was on his death-bed, unless a physician could be brought to his aid, and I was the only man of medicine within a radius of many miles—that I had at last consented to come. And the moment I entered the great gate I knew that I should regret it. Had I known then what I know now I would sooner have fled the country than have set my foot within those grim walls for one instant. Even now—and it is long since the chateau was burned—I awake in the night, trembling, the cold perspiration beading my forehead, when I dream of what I saw in the Chateau de Rochefort.

The Count lay upon his bed in a darkened room, his eyes sunk deep in his head, and his face drawn and lined with the fever. Supernaturally bright were his eyes, and they followed me constantly, never wavering, never blinking, though he spoke not a word to me.

I saw at once that there was no hope—the fever had made too great a headway. But I gave him medicine and a sleeping draught that he might rest more easily until the end. I ordered a bed brought in from an adjoining room that I might sleep with my patient, in case of a crisis, and that I might be with him to relieve his sufferings ere he passed away. During all this time the Count never spoke, but followed my every motion with an expression of hatred and

distrust in his dark eyes. And there was never a sound from anywhere, but a brooding, breathing, ghastly silence, as if waiting for the man to die. I felt that queer sensation as if I had suddenly broken in upon some great design, some mighty plan, which was about to be completed.

Toward night the fever heightened and the Count grew delirious. I did not sleep, but sat by his bed, listening to the mumblings and mouthings of his delirium. "Now—so—no, the other lens—a hair's breadth further forward—so—now see—ah, how she burns—through solid steel—no, I must turn it off—the wall—it will burn through—but it burns—." A long pause, then, in a hoarse whisper, "Ah, *thus* it will burn his heart." I was bending over him, trying to catch his voice, when suddenly he sat erect in bed and grasped me by the wrist.

"My pistols!" he cried in a hoarse voice, "my rapier! Bah! Useless, useless. I know. They failed me in my most dire need. Pistols, rapiers? No. Fire, *fire!* Fire that can burn through steel, through stone, through *flesh!*" His eyes were smoldering with a fire as fierce as that of which he spoke, and his hand was trembling upon my wrist. "Fire! That is the weapon I shall use. I have mastered it, conquered it, bent it to my will. It springs to do my bidding. I light my fire, and I gather and concentrate its heat and hold it bound until I give the word, when, like a beam of scaling light, it strikes across space, biting through all obstacles with incalculable ferocity. Fire, heat, little burning rays of heat, these are the weapons I shall use. Ah, 'tis well not to rouse the vengeance of a De Rochefort." Suddenly the light faded from his eyes, and he sank back upon his pillow, exhausted, murmuring senseless, incoherent words.

Was that all the mystery of the chateau? Was the Count but a hermit-inventor, spending his life in trying to project a heat-ray through space, or in trying to perfect a projected heat-ray? Yet, if one could believe his delirious wanderings, he had actually succeeded—and now he was about to die. I could not believe that that was all. Something seemed striving to tell me—in the ghastly silence and living darkness of that death-chamber—that terrible things were about to happen. *What did the Count mean by "ah, thus it will burn his heart * * * 'tis well not to rouse the vengeance of a De Rochefort?"* A forbidding, invisible presence seemed hovering around. I lay down upon my bed, but I could not sleep. My tensed nerves sensed a grim foreboding that weighed upon my soul and choked me.

I lay awake upon my bed, and as the night advanced the Count grew more and more restless. A patch of white moonlight crept across the floor and touched the bed. Now and again I fancied that I heard strange noises from the adjoining rooms, and a feeling of tense expectancy shuddered through the darkness. My hands were clammy and my heart was beating furiously. I felt as if I must leap from my bed and escape from my stifling prison into the wholesome night air, but I dared move neither hand nor foot.

Suddenly I heard a sound from the Count's bed. Cowering between the

sheets, I looked, and there was the Count sitting bolt upright, the patch of moonlight falling slanting half across his face. His eyes, shining hard and black in the moonlight, were bent full upon me, as if boring into my very soul, and a violent shudder convulsed my frame. An absolute silence now permeated the place, a living, breathing silence, that seemed to smother my heart-beats. He appeared to be listening, eagerly, expectantly. And as he listened, far below on the high-road, the road which leads to the east, I heard the faint beat of a horse's hoofs. Then he gave a low, chuckling laugh, and slowly he rose from his bed. The patch of moonlight shone on his empty pillow, and out of the darkness I felt his eyes upon me. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead, and a sickening nausea seized me, as I heard his footsteps shuffling across the floor in the darkest corner, and dimly I made out his figure.

Then silence—perfect, horrible silence—it must have been for an hour, while I lay, not daring to move. The patch of moonlight crossed the bed and crept up the wall. There was a handle in the wall which the moonlight shone upon—a black handle, inlaid with something that shone like ivory, and the workings were of gold. Then again I heard the Count's shuffling footsteps, and he crept into the moonlight. He inserted a small key in the lock, chuckling to himself and talking incoherently, then turned the handle and swung the door open, disclosing a closet, and as the moonlight threw its ghastly light within, I gasped with horror, for there, standing erect, apparently without support, were *three human skeletons.* I scarcely know what followed. I only know that with unutterable horror and loathing I saw the Count press his lips to each gray skull—then "to-night," he whispered, and closed the door and locked it. He turned and glanced behind him, as if fearful of being discovered, and then glided silently across the room and disappeared through a small door at one end, and a dead silence fell upon the room.

My teeth were chattering in my head, my heart was pounding as if it would burst its walls, and I grew hot and cold by turns. It seemed hours that I lay there, bathed in a cold perspiration from head to foot, every instant expecting to swoon from sheer terror. The patch of moonlight crept up the wall to the ceiling and vanished. I realized dimly that the dawn was approaching, and with it light! light! During that night of terror I would have sold my immortal soul for a beam of sunlight. Dimly I realized now that light was coming. Gradually my fears were leaving me, though my heart was still pounding furiously at its walls, and I dared not move.

Then, just as I fancied that the first gray of the dawn was stealing into the room, a shriek like the wail of a soul in hell struck through the darkness, wavered, quivered and reverberated through the empty halls and passages, and then died away, sobbing, into silence. In a wild terror I sprang from my bed and ran—anyhow, anywhere—to get away from that accursed chateau. I flung open the first door that came to my hand, and leapt through. Never to my dying day shall I forget the scene that met my eyes. Horror-struck, I crouched against

the wall, my breath coming in great gasps, my brain numb, the blood choking my throat.

I was in a low, long, dim room, dark save for a faint, blue flickering light which permeated the atmosphere. A death-like silence reigned in the room. The sickening smell of burning flesh was in the air. And down the center of the room there shot a thin, white, quivering beam of light—the deadly heat-ray—seeming to live in the semi-darkness, flickering and shimmering, giving a faint, blue light, and burying itself in the heart of the man who hung, manacled hand and foot, from the opposite wall, the blood dripping from the great wound in his breast, and his dark, handsome, swarthy face distorted in the last agonies of death. The smell of burning flesh was in my nostrils, and death was before me. I could not take my eyes off it. It fascinated me as the snake fascinates the bird, and I stood for I know not how long.

A brooding silence lay upon the room. Everything was still. My heart was sick with horror, my knees were trembling so that I could scarce stand, and my breath came in long, heavy gasps. It seemed that I stood crouched against the wall for hours before I heard a low chuckle from the other side of the room. And there, crouching in the corner, was the Count, glaring at me, his lips parted in a ghastly smile, the light of madness shining from his eyes. And the heat-ray flickered and quivered between us.

Suddenly, with a cry like the cry of a wild beast, the Count rose and hurled himself toward me, the lust of murder shining in his eyes. He flung himself toward me; for an instant the burning ray seared his flesh, bored its way to his very heart, and with a wild cry he fell to the floor and lay still. He had flung himself right in the path of the death-dealing ray, and he lay on the floor, a slowly-growing pool of blood staining the carpet—and I was alone with the dead—with the avenger and the victim, while the ghastly light from the ray leapt and quivered over them. I shall never forget it. The man chained to the wall, his heart eaten out by the burning ray, and the man lying in a huddled heap on the floor, dead, with the weird, ghostly light playing upon their faces and a silence as of the tomb enveloping them.

* * * * * *

How I ever got out of that accursed chateau I shall never know. But I found myself upon the road, and I ran, nor dared to stop nor turn, till I had topped the hill which leads to the high-road. Then I turned.

The chateau was one mass of flames. The skies were lit up with the yellow glare, and the bosom of the black river was crimson with its reflection. And I watched until naught remained but a smoldering heap of ashes.

"Doc" Weakens.

HERE'S one o' the best remuneratin' ranches in the hull county," observed my old ranchman friend.

As a matter of course many changes take place in ten years, and these were being pointed out to me as we rode along.

"This ole feller's name's Keetin', 'Doc' Keetin' is what he gets. He's one o' these persons that if you wuz tu say a stone fence couldn't be busted by buttin' it with yer head, he'd try it just tu show yu that it could. As I heard it, he wuz some snakes of a medicine man back in New Yawk, but he gets weary dealin' out pills 'n powders 'n sech, so he moseys along out this way tu lead the simple life. He thinks the rearin' o' bovine herds is his game, an' nothin' would do but he must take a shot at it. Well, he has orful ornery luck fer some moons till he gets acclimated, which is tu say, wise, and goes in cahoots with Cal Gurton. You reccerlect Cal, don't yer?"

"Sure," I assented, "he's the fellow who used to ride through town shooting and yelling."

"Yep, that's him, alright. Cal, you see, knows this the'ry o' cattle culture from A tu Z. 'Course this ain't s' terruble su'prizin', takin' inter consideration he wuz brung inter this vale o' tears only 'bout fifty miles south o' here, wuz riz in the saddle an' beside that he learnt a heap by studin', so, ez I wuz remarkin' what he don't savy about cattle raisin' yu wouldn't need to know. We don't think it no monstrosity therefore, you understand, that when he an' Doc, or I might say, he an' Doc's daughter, Jessie, hooks up, they makes considerable noise a-helpin' supply the inhabitants o' this here great United States with beef."

"A ha! the plot thickens," I exclaimed; "so Cal married the Doctor's daughter."

"Sure thing! He didn't have no easy time with the girl, but when it comes tu Doc,—well this is ridin' yer hoss tail foremost. I'll give yu the hull race from post on past the hum stretch.

"Cal, ez yu know, wuzen't no angel in them days. Anyhow his wings hadn't begun tu vegetate. I don't know as he wuz any wilder than most the boys, but yu know how it wuz. Whenever he'd have a day er so off, he'd do the usual stunts, poker, boozin', ridin' an' shootin'. It was durin' the performance o' these two last mentioned marvels o' foolishness that this girl of Doc's come ridin' inter town. Mighty fine lookin' girl she wuz, too. 'Bout twenty I should say, dark brown hair and eyes, and all that yu know. Well, she come ridin' in and then she went right out again. Maybe her horse

wuz frettin', er maybe he surmized he needed the exercise, er he might a heard his ma a-callin' him fer all I know, but one thing I'm plumb sure of is, when he sees Cal he turns an' dusts fer where the tall prairie grass waves green like he meant bizz. By an' by it leaks down inter Cal's foamy ole think tank that perhaps the girl ain't right comf'table and accordingly he streaks out after them with much haste an' in a hurry.

"Her hoss jumps a gully an' she gits pitched off. It ain't nothin' short o' a miracle that she didn't get all busted up, stead of hardly gittin' scratched like she did.

"Cal feels pertty bad about it, so after he ketches her hoss, he starts tu make many an' much apologies, but she freezes him up stiff with one o' these, 'what excuse have yu tu offer fer livin' ' looks an' rides off. Yu see this wuz a bad beginnin', he'd shoved his hoof in it pertty bad.

"It wasn't long after this that folks start tu notice Cal's workin' hard. Behavin', too. Don't consume no nose paint and is savin' his dough. His boss ain't what yu'd call blind and pertty soon he gets a deputy foreman job. 'Long about this time Doc Keetin' loses his foreman by way of a gun argument with some greaser, over drinks, er cards, er somethin'. A course Doc should a been glad tu be rid o' a foreman who'd sink s' low 's tu have arguments with greasers, but that ain't the point. What I beg leave tu state is, that Doc loses his foreman, an' Cal goes over an' coppers the job.

"I don't just know the straight of it, but I've heard that after Cal annexed this job Jessie wouldn't speak tu him fer months. If this is so, then Cal added his testimony, as regards the truth o' that statement, 'yu can't keep a good man down,' in short order, fer it wuzn't s' long till I seed 'em out ridin' myself. I guess goin' must a been good after this, though, fer in the course o' a couple o' months, Cal trots in an' congratulates the Doc on havin' a chance tu become his father-in-law. This wuz long 'bout middle o' July an' it wuz blame hot outside, but from all repo'ts it wuz considerable warmer indoors. Well, after the volcano had quit eruptin' an' Cal had waded out o' the stream o' molten remarks what had flowed down on him, he found he'd lost his job an' wuz abserlutely perhibited from holdin' any conflab whatserever with Jessie, under penalty o' instant death from the Doc, it bein' my private oppinion howsumever, that the aforesaid Doc couldn't let light through a flock o' barns with a automatic, double-action, warrented tu never miss, gatlin' gun.

"A course these perverse sentiments what the Doc holds ain't tu be judged too severely in view o' the fact that if yu wuz in his boots yer wouldn't esteem it 's flatterin' tu have a cowpunch wanter marry yer daughter, even if he does hold down that high an' mighty persition o' foreman, 'spechuly if yu thought ez much o' yer daughter ez Doc did his.

"What struck me ez perculeyer is that Cal don't get down on the Doc. He just tells me, confidential, yu know, that he feels grieved over his girl

havin' sech a obstinate, hard-headed, ole goat fer a dad. He don't let his opinion o' the Doc stand in his way none when he see an openin' tu do him a good turn, though. The good this does him is some abreveated, let me tell yu, fer when he takes the trouble tu drive back a bunch o' grade Herefords what had strayed an' the Doc had spent considerable on, all the 'thank yu's' he gets wuz tu hear the Doc had been explainin' eround that he'd a rather lost the whole durned bunch than a had that son of a gun brung 'um back. Another time he spends a heap o' time an' energy an' comes near gettin' fried a puttin' out a fire that would a burnt over the Doc's hull range, an' what he gets out o' this is a perlite note sayin' the next time he is ketched on the Doc's land he'll git bored, an' not with any auger, neither.

"Cal tells me afterwards this here communication also goes on tu say the only conversation him an' the Doc could hold would be with guns. Cal remarks he had a mind tu go in an' have it out right then if the aforesaid Doc knew as much about shootin' irons as a canary does about whisky. But a course the Doc bein' harmless ez regards weapons an' also bein' Jessie's dad, Cal has tu overlook this, an' so nuthin' happens tu break the peaceful calm till next round-up, when Cal thinks the limit has been come to, so he kinde intimates tu the Doc tu quit his foolin'.

"You see, Cal meets Jessie in town and the Doc hears about it. He gets mad as a rattler in dog days an' lets all the folks know ez how the country ain't big enough fer him and Cal tu live in, an' how he's goin' tu shoot him on sight. So it wuz ez I wuz tellin' yu, that at next round-up, when all the outfits got together, the Doc perceives Cal, and empties his sixshooter at him. Course he misses him, but it showed how he felt about it an' the boys wouldn't a blamed Cal none if he'd up an got the Doc. He didn't, though. He just pulls his gun, force o' habit, I reckon, an' then he laughs kind o' scornful an' puts his gun away again.

" 'Before yu go a-gunnin' again yu'd better take a few lessons in shootin' ' he says. 'And what's more, don't yu do no practicin' when I'm around, either, fer just ez sure ez you do there's goin' tu be a funeral in yer family. See?' Then he turns an' rides over tu where the boys had begun brandin' calves again.

"The Doc don't say a word. I guess he feels kind o' foolish makin' a circus out o' himself that way, but it don't change his mind none ter later in the day he lets it out that he's goin' tu get him yet.

"The main occurrence happens after this, though. The boys had a big bunch o' steers together long about evenin' it wuz, when a couple o' coyotes starts tunin' up, 'bout a half a mile away. This makes the cattle kind o' restless an' when one o' the durned foois jumps to his feet an lets out a beller the whole kit an' caboodle stampedes.

"The Doc ought tu a been ready for anything, knowin' how the cattle wuz, but he wuzen't. Off tightenin' his cinch er somethin' an so when that

bunch o' devils starts his way his hoss fersakes that vicinity in much haste, leavin' the Doc in a blamed tight hole. He didn't waste no time star gazin' but, Lord, he couldn't a got out o' the way no more then he could fly.

"All of us boys was too far away tu give 'im any help but Cal. He don't delay none tu think over how good friends him and the Doc is, but runs his hoss right inter the face o' that bunch o' oncomin' demons, wheels him, grabs the Doc under the arms, and gets away by the skin o' his teeth. I guess he would a made it, too, if the hoss hadn't stepped in a hole an' gone down. As it wuz the Doc had a chance tu get away, but Cal's leg wuz pinned under the hoss.

"When it wuz all over we picked him up. I thought he wuz killed fer sure. Ankle busted where the hoss fell on it. A bunch o' ribs caved in, an' I don't know all what else the matter.

"We made camp right there, the Doc not doin' much tu help, so by an' by one o' the boys asks him if he ain't goin tu come in an' fix Cal up. He comes in an' stands there lookin' at him fer a while. Then he gives a little grunt, turns on his heel and walks out. That's all.

"Well, we wuz all mad enough tu fight a buzz saw. Some o' the younger boys wuz fer goin' after the Doc and lynchin' him, but we let 'em work off their heated sentiments by ridin' like the devil fer another doctor. A man may have opinions 'bout who his daughter should hook up with, but after what Cal had done fer him;—why, I wouldn't a treated a yeller dawg like he treated Cal. He done him dirt. Cal a-layin' there like he wuz dead, too.

"Course the boys did what they could by way o' blankets an' gettin' a little brandy down him from time tu time. By and by the doctor comes and fixes him up ez best he can, considerin' the disadvantages. The doctor lows he oughter have a nurse, but with nurses 'bout ez thick ez strawberries, we boys sees it's up tu us. We wuz receivin' instructions in the art o' nursin' when Jessie comes pilin' inter camp on her pony.

"Some one o' the boys had put her wise an' she don't wait none on ceremony, but comes just ez hard ez her bronc kin' run. The way she fixes things up around there is great. I bet she'd a had a real nurse backed off the board. She hadn't been a doc's daughter fer nothin' let me remark. The doctor's mighty glad tu know he's goin' tu have somebody what knows somethin' about nursin' on the job, an' so are all us boys.

"It wuz long 'bout this time that the Doc comes a bilin' back inter camp.

"Where's my daughter?" he yells. Nobody says anything an' so he makes a bee line fer the tent. One o' the boys grabs him ez he starts in.

"Here, yu can't go makin' any disturbance in there," he says, "if yu want tu see yer daughter she'll come out."

"By this time Jessie hears what's goin' on an' comes out. "What do you want?' she says, proud like. He glares at her fer a minute—'What do I want! What do you think I want? You come home with me right now, you

understand? I won't have you down here with Cal Gurton and the rest of this scum, and you know it. What did you come down here for, anyway?"

"I've come down here to nurse Mr. Gurton back to the health he gave to save your life," says she kind o' proud.

"'You have, have you? Well, you get that out of your head right now. Get on your horse there and come with me.'

"At this she straightened up till she looks a foot taller an' her eyes begin tu just snap.

"'I won't! I won't go home with you. I'm of age and I shall do as I please in this matter. I was a dutiful daughter to you until you showed yourself to be entirely without gratitude. You even refused the man who saved your life professional aid. I won't go home with you. I am going to stay here and nurse Calvin Gurton, and what's more, if he is alive to-morrow I am going to marry him. 'I—I," here she busts out cryin' an' goes back intu the tent.

"The Doc let out a rumble way down in his throat an' makes a jump fer the tent door. One o' the boys ketches him in time, though, an' when he is inclined tu be violent, they assist him out o' camp. Not with any bullet dance er anything o' that sort, yu understand, just quietly an' gentleman-like.

"Well, the doctor stays with Cal all that night an' in the mawnin' lets out the repo't that he thinks he'll pull through all right. I just want tu tell yu us boys felt mighty relieved. We alwuzs thought a sight o' him. I goes up tu Jessie an' asks if I could help any, go fer the parson, er somethin'. She blushes awful pertty an' says she reckons that'll have tu be postponed cause Cal can't stand no excitement.

"The boys wuz a little disappointed in a way, but in another they wuz glad. They wanted tu be able tu get presents an' fixins an' things, 'cause they wanted Cal tu have a swell weddin'. They had plenty o' time fer that thought, fer it didn't come off till Cal wuz able tu be around.

"It took place over at Sam Taylor's ranch, where Cal wuz moved ez soon ez the doctor thought it wuz safe. Sam hadn't been married very long, himself, and so he an' his wife just laid themselves out tu make that weddin' a grand affair. They shore did themselves proud, too. Everybody fer miles around come an'—"

"Did the Doc come, too?" I asked.

"That's just what I wuz about tu relate. Just before the ceremony begins the Doc comes inter the room an' sets down. And say, yu wouldn't a known him. Looked 'bout a hundred years old. Some folks say he wuzn't out o' the house once 'tween the night we helped him out o' camp an' the day o' the weddin'. He shore looked bad. Thought a heap o' Jessie an' it broke him all up when she went back on him, I guess. Well, ez I told

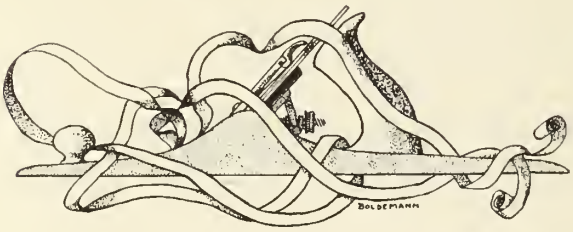
yu, he come inter the room en' set down. Some o' the boys thought he meant trouble, so they goes over an' sets by him, tu be handy in stoppin' anything he starts. He might a come with the notion o' makin' trouble, but them notions is never carried out fer the knot wuzn't half tied till he wuz sobbin' like a kid, an' when it wuz all over he goes tu Jessie an' tells her how sorry he is, an' asks her tu fergive him an' all that. They hug each other an' cry fer a while an' then he turns tu Cal. What he says tu Cal I don't know, fer by that time all the wimmin in the crowd wuz weepin' weeps an' us men had tu talk about the weather an' cattle an' things ourselves, so we all got out an' left them in there alone. Pertty soon they come out tu where we wuz smilin' through their tears like an' we gave them three big hip, hip, hoorays. After that we all had a chance tu kiss the bride an' most of us made the most of our chance. I know I did. Summin' it all up, I guess it wuz the most accomplishin' weddin' I ever wuz at.

"That's about all I kin think of now, 'cept,—well, here it comes now."

A small cow pony was coming down the road at a dead run. Astride of him was a boy of six or seven, his stirrups not reaching below the middle of the horse's side. He waved his hat as he passed.

"That's their oldest. He's just like his dad, egzackly."

M. D. Scovel.



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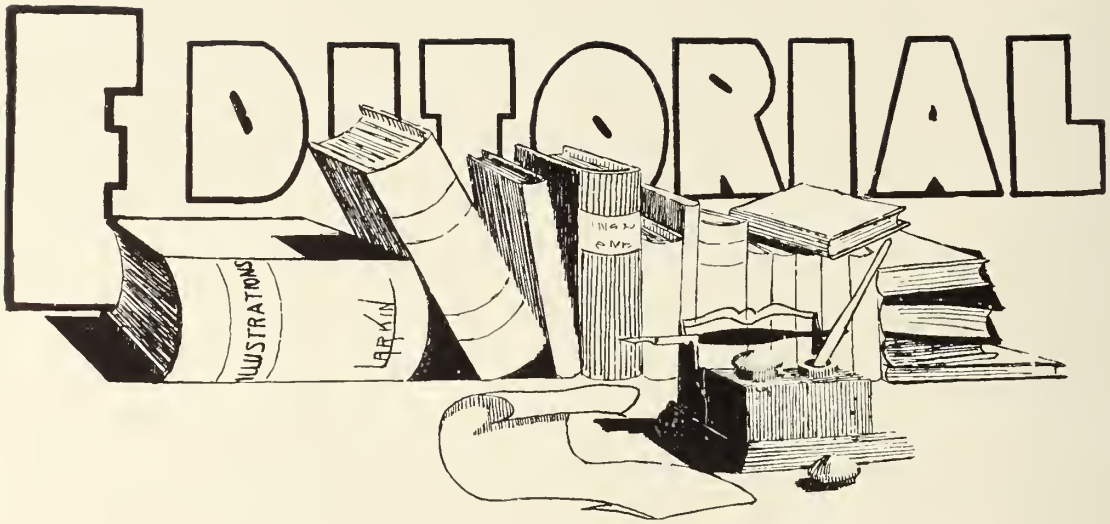


M. D. SCOVEL, '11.....Associate Editor
R. H. WILSON, '11.....Associate Editor
ORMAN B. GLADDING, '11.....Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF.

F. MUNK, '11 .....Shop Notes
LOUIS SCHALK, '10.....Athletics
M. D. SCOVEL, '11.....School Notes
G. NOBLE, '12.....Exchanges
N. REINHERTZ, '12.....Staff Photographer
R. H. WILSON, '11.....Staff Photographer
J. WAGENET, '11.....Joshes

STAFF ARTISTS.

R. E. WRIGHT, '10
R. TAYLOR, '12
R. PROSEK, '10
J. WAGENET, '11

ASSISTANT MANAGERS.

WALTER STEPHEN, '12.....Advertising
H. HOPPS, '12.....Assistant
P. SKOV, '10.....Assistant

The school can justly feel proud of the Interclass games played this term. Class spirit ran high and the contests were well fought out. Good work, keep it up!

Besides the fun there is in it, the advantages to the school and to the individual are many. It brings to view fellows for next year's varsity team and keeps school spirit keyed up to the highest pitch. More important than this, however, is the training many fellows receive who would not otherwise get any.

As every one knows when a big team is to be chosen, all the best athletes in that particular sport get out for it. From these the team is made up, and so it is no wonder that the smaller fellows do not try out for it, even though they are the ones who need most the training and exercise that playing on the team would give. The only solution of this problem, we can see, is the Interclass series, where, with the varsity excluded, every one has a fair chance. All the fellows should try, if for no other reason than to aid nature in their own development. This all of them cannot see and so do not try because of self consciousness.

To these fellows we wish to say, "You flatter yourselves. While as a matter of course, some notice will be taken of you, you will not be the center of attraction until you deserve to be. Just forget what the other fellows may say or think and make an effort."

Others do not try because they are afraid they will not make good. Aside from telling you that many fellows, who were ignorant as to their own powers, have learned what they could do by a little trying, we wish to say this. There is a time coming when all of you who make your marks in the world will have to do your utmost, and it stands to reason that if a fellow is self reliant in a game, sees his advantages and makes the most of them, he will be the fellow who will make the most of his advantages in the more serious problems of life.

Lately Block W's have been made and sold about the school to fellows who have no right to wear them.

We understand this was through ignorance rather than intention.

The Block W in this school is an honor conferred on an athlete who has won for the school a certain number of points in competition with other schools, and the fellow who usurps this honor does an injustice, not only to the school, but to all men who have fairly won theirs.

Moreover he cheapens himself in the estimation of others, and what is more important, in his own. Be careful, fellows, and do not in any way infringe upon the rights of others. While we understand that the desire most fellows have for their block letters amounts almost to a mania we cannot understand how a fellow can show a badge of honor that he knows and every one else knows he did not earn.

A physical director in this school could do wonders for us in perfecting our teams and promoting all kinds of athletic exercises. For instance, a competent coach could make our present track team one hundred per cent better. No matter how good the winners may be there is always room for improvement and an experienced man's advice would be invaluable. Basketball and baseball teams also could be greatly benefited by the coaching of a good man. Often, when it seems almost impossible to put out a good

team, material can be made from those trying out by an instructor who knows his business.

What the school really needs is a man who is a good all around athlete, one who knows the points of all athletic games. He should also have a knowledge of anatomy so that he would be able to tell what form of exercise would be best for certain individuals and to know how much training each one could stand. Some would say that such a person would be impossible to find but it is not as hard as it seems. There are many former athletes that would be glad to spend part of their time in work of this kind.

By inspiring interclass games he could get an idea of what fellows would be best for the big team and in this way get after the right ones to go out for practise.

Of course a gymnasium and swimming tank would help a great deal, but in our present quarters this is impossible. However we look forward to the time when we will move to a new building and use the old one for these purposes.

Our method of student control over student affairs is much more complete than in most other schools. With few exceptions all questions of interest to the students are decided by the student body or the board of control, which is really no more than representatives of the student body. In fact the board of control might be called the private secretary of the student body. It attends to the small affairs itself but the important ones must be brought before the real power. The members of the board of control, elected as they are from the classes and not from the student body at large, make it an equal representation throughout the school.

Without a student body of some kind nothing could be carried on in the way of student activities. It is the real backbone of every athletic team put out by the school. Little can be done without money and the student body is the only source from which financial aid can come. The school could not have a paper, orchestra or any of the other smaller associations without the strength of the student body to fall back on.

When a student is given a say in the control of his own affairs it gives him a certain sense of independence and responsibility, as many things that would otherwise be left to the judgment of the school director are decided by the student body.

By having a president, secretary and other officers, elected from the students, to carry on the meetings a good idea of parliamentary law is gained.

These are only a few of the many benefits to be derived from the student body, and more interest in its meetings should be taken by the students.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

R. E. Wright, '10.
G. Noble, '12.

J. Wagenet, '11.
R. Prosek, '10.
N. Reinhertz, '12.

F. Munk, '11.
L. Schalk, '10.

ASSISTANT MANAGERS.

W. Stephen, '12.

P. Skov, '10. H. Hopps, '12.

T. Malott,
President.

Geo. Noble,
Secretary.

Gwyn Page Anderson,
Treasurer.

P. Skov,
Vice-President.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS.

BOARD OF CONTROL.

Greninger, '10.
Uhte, '12.
Turnbull, '12.

Munk, '11.
Scovel, '11.
Skov, '10, Pres.
Noble, '12, Sec.

Wright, '10.
McMillan, '13.
Burroughs, '13.

M. D. Scovel, President. Fred Munk, Secretary.

History of the '11 Class.

FRED MUNK.

When the eleven class was organized in nineteen hundred and seven there were about one hundred and forty boys. But they have dwindled down until there are only twenty-six boys left.

The eleven class, even in its Freshman year, played an important part in school activities. Flood, while a Freshman, surprised the other High School athletes by taking second to Munroe of Berkeley in the A. A. L. cross-country race.

There is not a school team in which the eleven class had no men. In football we had Coggins, Scovel, Dobbas, Graham, Flood, Malott and Norman Smith. In track we had such men as Walfisch, Flood, Malott, Munk, Woodmansee and Gebhart. Flood, Gladding and Munk were on the cross-country team. On the baseball team we had Beckwith, Hennessy and Ruegg. Palmer, Malott, Batkin, "Babe" Stadfelt and Wendering were on the basketball team of last season. In nineteen hundred and nine the playing of Palmer was the sensation of the season in basketball circles. Salfield, the star swimmer of the school; Radamacher, Malott, Walfisch, Gebhart and Pierce were on the swimming team. The eleven class has won a good many swimming and track interclasses during the last three years, and have a good chance to repeat these performances.

Wendering has been elected captain of the basketball team, Munk of the track team and Radamacher of the swimming team of the school.

The fellows of the eleven class have also worked hard in the activities other than athletics. Malott is president of the student body of the school. He is certainly making good and is well liked by the fellows. Scovel and Wilson have been made associate editors of the WILMERDING LIFE, and Gladding the business manager of the paper. They are doing some good work, as can be seen by the papers that are issued by them. Wagenet and Munk are working on the staff of the paper writing up jokes and shop notes. The other fellows of the class are on the class track, baseball or basketball teams, as they all have the proper spirit and stick to their class.

John Rae, President. Elmer Nichols, Secretary.

History of the '12 Class.

RAE.

Two years have passed since we first entered Wilmerding. We clearly remember the day when we entered the school door. Those first few weeks were the most strenuous of our career. We were like strangers in a strange land, knowing not which way to turn, but this feeling soon wore away as we became used to the ways of the school and became acquainted with each other.

During the second week of our stay we held our first class meeting and elected our class officers, Mr. Leonard Wilbur being elected president.

Our class has always taken an active part in school activities being well represented in all branches of athletics. In our first six months we won the series of freshmen football, and had two of our men play on the school team. In the second six months we took second place in the interclass baseball. In the last year we have won the interclass track meet and the interclass basketball series besides having a good baseball team.

In August of our second year we held our second election of class officers. At this election John Rae was elected president. In the first week of March the class met for the first time under a constitution.

The class is not only making a name for itself in athletics but also in a social manner. It has the honor of being the first sophomore class that has given a dance, having made all arrangements for one May 6, 1910.

G. Chamberlain, President. C. Hader, Secretary.

History of the '13 Class.

DONNELLY.

The August entry of the thirteen class consisted of about thirty-five members. Of that class just thirty remain. About five boys entered the plumbing shop, one the cabinet and one the carpenter shop. The rest were divided quite equally between the electrical and the brick-laying shop; the latter is the first apprentice course for the architects.

This class has been very successful in turning out their share of top-notch athletes. Some of these are Madden, the center of the basketball team, Chamberlain and Hader, who made the football team; and Burroughs and Carnduff who have been very successful on the track team.

Although the thirteen class basketball team finished last in the interclass series their defeat came through ignorance of the game rather than lack of spirit.

The January entry of this class was comparatively small, both in the membership and stature of the pupils. The greater number of this class are taking up architecture. Aside from one boy who is fair material for next year's basketball team, this class has turned out no athletes, but it is very probable that some will develop before long.

School Notes.

The meetings of both student body and board of control have been carried on regularly, and much business has been transacted. The absence of yells has been felt during the student body meetings. What's the matter, yell leader? Smoke up. Half the effect of the meeting is lost without yells.

Taking all things into consideration the student body meeting held February 2, 1910, was a good one. President Skov presided and after the minutes were read and approved the track team received ten dollars for a vaulting pole. Scovel spoke on basketball, and Wilson asked for more material for the "Life." Munk announced the coming interclass track meet, and Turnbull encouraged the freshmen to take an interest and enter a big team. Rademacher asked for recruits for the swimming team.

At the board of control meeting held February 18, 1910, an interclass basketball series was organized, with Proseck and Scovel the committee to arrange the games. Greninger reported the schedule for the interclass baseball series ready, and said it was arranged so that each team should play every other team twice. Roberts and Scovel were voted money for football and basketball expenses.

On account of the absence of the secretary, the minutes were dispensed with at the meeting of the board of control held March 9, 1910. Turnbull reported the new pole had been secured. Mr. Merrill was voted two dollars in payment of money advanced the football team at Petaluma. After allowing Barry Co. one seventy-five for tickets the meeting adjourned.

Pins were the principal subject of the "board" meeting held March 31, 1910. Malott announced that the specially designed pins, to be given to all winners of six points or over in the interclass meet, had been secured. Four dollars and twenty cents was voted to pay for these pins. When it was decided to give pins to the winners of the interclass basketball and baseball series, Malott and Turnbull were again appointed as pin committee, on account of their good work with the track pins. Greninger reported a vacancy on the Grounds and Property Committee, and Massed and Turnbull were nominated for that position. Turnbull was elected by a majority of two.

The student body meeting held April 6, 1910, was very interesting. President Malott presided and after the minutes were read and approved, he asked Mr. Rademacher to speak about swimming. Rademacher announced swimming practice Wednesdays and Saturdays at Sutro's. Also that the A. A. L. meet would be held soon, and that it was high time those wishing to make the team should come out.

Gladding spoke on the necessity of every fellow helping secure ads for the paper. Noble was appointed captain of the "bike" team, and asked all the fellows who rode wheels to come out to the Stadium to train.

At this meeting the pins were awarded the winners of six points in the interclass field meet. The winners were Munk, Turnbull, Burroughs, Kluver,

Carnduff, Gibbs, Wright and Malott. Miss Anderson made a report on the satisfactory condition of the treasury.

Another board of control meeting was held April 12, 1910, with President Skov in the chair. A motion was made and afterwards passed that the school give $3.00 towards buying baseballs for the interclass games. The Lick orchestra was loaned the base drum. Malott made a report on what the committee was doing in getting the basketball and baseball pins. The meeting was then adjourned.

The '12 class should be commended on the way they are taking up the social duties that the older classes have repudiated. Their dance, which will have been a thing of the past when this paper comes from the press, promises to be a great success. The fellows have certainly worked hard enough to make it that, and so here's hoping they may see their way clear to giving many more such in the future.

The Camera Club.

N. Reinhertz.

As usual, the Camera Club is progressing. Outings and competitions are being held, and many improvements have been added to the dark-room.

Among the outings planned, one was decided upon to take place on May 1st. This is to be at Redwood canyon. The last outing of the club was also held at Redwood canyon, and many good photographs were taken in spite of the weather. This time the weather will probably be with us, and we expect excellent results.

A competition is to be held, starting on April 25th and expiring May 27, 1910. Each member is limited to six pictures. The pictures must also be taken, developed and printed by the contestant. The prizes will be: First, $2.50 in supplies; second, $1.50 in supplies; third, gold Camera Club pin.

The last competition was a big success, and we hope that this one will be equally good.

Some of the older members of the club have been studying into the deeper lines of photography. Two of them have made very interesting and successful experiments in color photography.

Among the improvements added to the club the re-wiring of the dark-room is about the most important. In place of the many incandescent lights, four Tungsten lamps will be installed. Ruby lamps will also be placed at different parts of the darkroom and all connected to one switch, making it very convenient for the members. Another improvement is the remodeling of the enlarging camera. Formerly enlargements up to 8x10 only could be made. The object is to accommodate any size enlargement.

After the summer vacation the Camera Club is generally crowded, as the Freshmen come with their films and plates taken in vacation. There are a few vacant lockers left, and these should be taken up before the club is overcrowded.

SHOP NOTES

THE ARCHITECTS.

The architects have been very busy during the past year. Skov and Prosek are completing the course in architecture.

Skov has designed a Class "A" office building containing ten floors. The lowest floor is laid out for a bank while the upper floors contain fifteen offices served by three passenger elevators. The exterior of the building is faced with terra cotta, while the top story is set off by pilasters and balustrades. Prosek has also completed plans for a ten-story Class "A" office building, containing one hundred and forty-four offices, three passenger elevators, and a large store on the ground floor. The exterior of the building is faced with stone, and a balcony projects from the uppermost story.

Wright is working on plans for a Class "A" building. O'Brien, Schalck and Campbell have finished their plans for a Class "C" building.

Fisher and Malott are on plans of the new Wilmerding school.

Munk, Roberts and Strothoff are busy on shades and shadows, and perspective.

The third year boys are designing some swell suburban homes. Amongst these are Weber, Halling, Hansen, Radamacher, Peirce, Wagenet, Regnier, Warner, Benis and Stegeman. Most of the second year boys are busy on their originals, such as flats, cottages, and bungalows, measurements, and the orders. The rest of the boys are on the sheets and plates.

The third and fourth year boys have also been taking up the course in surveying under the supervision of Mr. McHenry. At the beginning they took notes on talks by Mr. McHenry, and then went out to do the practical work. The boys formed into parties and leveled the block upon which the school stands. They also took up the cross sectioning of land. Besides being a great help it proved very interesting.

The work in detail drawing has been very good considering the short while it has been started. The fourth year boys have completed the interior detail construction drawings, and are now on the orders and freehand plates. The other boys are designing artistic interior details, which include mantels, fireplaces and sideboards.

BRICKLAYING.

The brick shop is a place in which we are all interested because it is the first shop the architects go into on coming to school and because of the good work the boys are doing on the new school. Mr. Werson is very much pleased with the work of the boys during the past year. One of these, Frank Whelin, will graduate. Mr. Werson does not like to see him go as he has helped a great deal in the brick shop. He has worked with Mr. Werson completing the rest of the east wing of the third-story of the new building. Whelin took a good deal of interest in the shop, helping things along, and was a willing and accommodating worker, not afraid to soil his hands. Some of the other boys who have

worked hard during the last year are Cohen, Salhaien, otherwise known as "Murphy on the job," Kuhn, Rosensky, Hintermann and Ott.

ELECTRICAL.

The electricians have been working on different electrical fixtures for the school. Bender and Von Ahn are completing the automatic tranfer system for the new period bells. Stoll has finished a complete telephone set for the office, and Dobbas, Lisk and Flood are installing it. Gladding and Brown are working on the new Sollonid control system for ringing the period bells automatically. Rudolph Mueller is working on a new distribution panel for the electrical shop. J. Smith, W. Mueller and Kramer are working on a flasher for the '12 Class dance sign.

The Mueller brothers, J. Smith and Kramer have finished the course in electricity and will graduate this June. The freshmen class are going along with the usual exercises. On the whole, Mr. Dodge is very much pleased with the work of the boys.

CARPENTER SHOP.

The boys in the carpenter shop are busily working on the new building, putting up the beams and laying flooring of the second and third stories. Rankin made two nice settees and some of the other boys have completed blacking boxes and newel posts. Some of those working on the new building are Turnbull, Boyle, Aiton, Mahony and Jacobson.

Mr. Grant says they are a good bunch, and this must be so, for when Mr. Grant says anything he usually means it.

CABINET SHOP.

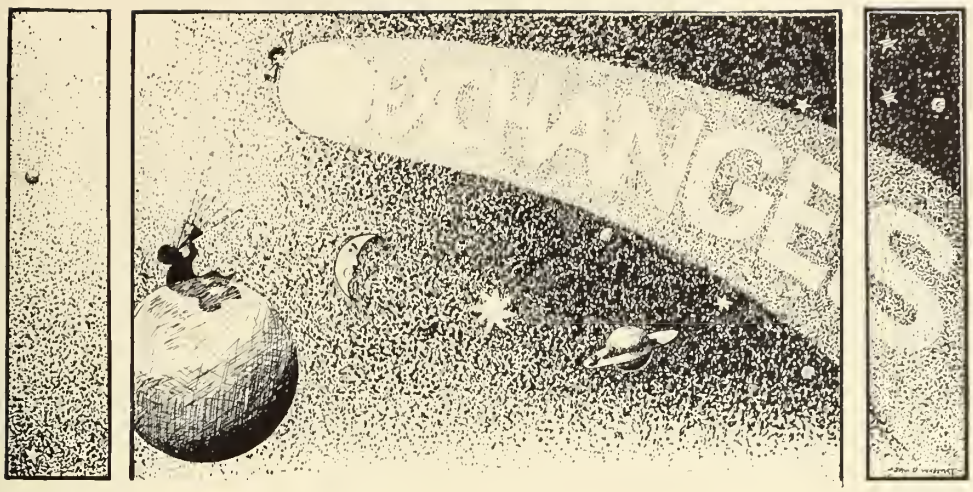
As one walks through the cabinet shop he cannot fail to notice the different things which the boys are making. Wendering has finished four cabinets for the University of California, and is now making a dandy roller-top desk of mahogany. Hennings has finished a roller-top desk of oak and is now busy on an oak settee. Uhte also has finished a beautiful mission style office desk of oak containing four drawers on each side and a long drawer in the middle. Uhte is now making a china closet. Lenzen is making a piano bench of oak, Boldeman an oak screen, and Lauritzen and Gibbs have made an oak table. The boys are showing some class in their efforts to be furniture-makers.

PLUMBING SHOP.

The plumbing apprentices are completing a change in the supply to the fire pipe system in the Lick shop building. They are also making an extension of the Wilmerding system on the plumbing of the new building.

During the 6th period the plumbers join with the architects in the study of house plans and in estimating the amount of stock for the plumbing work in buildings.

The usual shop practice continues, and the Freshmen are working on a metal sign to be electrically lighted.



A. B. C. Annual, Adelaide, Australia, 1909—You are one of the best and most interesting exchanges received by this department, being more interesting to us perhaps than any outsiders. "The American Boys in Australia" is of exceptional interest to us, for that article was written by a graduate of our school, Mr. Frank Cliff. Every department throughout your paper is full and well handled, besides being interesting to outsiders. Your numerous photographs and cuts brighten your paper and attract one's attention to your articles. Distributing the ads between the articles, however, does not meet with our approval. Come again, *A. B C. Annual*, for we will be pleased to see you in future.

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.—Your December and February issues are at hand. Your literary department is the best part of your papers; "The Double Cure" in the February issue is a good story, being rather humorous, while "Trouble" and "Such is Life," in the December issue, keep one interested to the end. We do not like your arrangement, however, for it spoils the effect of your paper. Editorials as well as athletics are well taken care of and your Exchange department shows good judgment in making criticisms.

The Adjutant, M. T. M. A., San Rafael, Cal.—A neat paper throughout, though your arrangement is not the best. Your jokes, though not plentiful, are humorous. Your cuts and photographs are neat and attractive, making the paper as a whole, quite interesting. We hope, however, to see an exchange department in the future, for this department is one that helps to make a paper a greater success.

The Academian, Pembroke, N. H.—Except for general arrangement and lack of cuts, you would be one of the most interesting and attractive papers of your class received by this department. We are in receipt of your December and January issues, both of which deserve the above criticism. The stories and poems are the most interesting part of your paper. The criticisms in the Exchange department, however, show plenty of room for improvement.

WILMERDING LIFE

The Acorn, Alameda, Cal.—The December and March issues of *The Acorn* have both made a very good impression upon us. The cover design of the December issue is neat, but the style of paper used gives the journal a soiled appearance. Every department is well edited and made especially attractive by the numerous cuts and photographs. In the March issue, the Literary department takes first place and the jokes second. The stories have some life and meaning to them, while the poem "Baseball Season," shows some spirit. The repetition of the staff and the poem was a sad blunder for it spoiled a good edition. Coming to the exchanges we find an editor's note, which we hope your Exchange Editor will live up to. Judging by the contents of this department in the February issue it seems as if he had wandered from his path, for in some cases it looks as if the pictures were the only part noticed. The criticisms are all too general and deal only with outside appearances.

The Blue and White, S. F., Cal.—We like your editorials, in fact every department excepting exchanges. This department seems overworked, for too many large, unnecessary words make the reading of them "dry" and uninteresting. The criticism on the *"Mills College Magazine"* went astray in some respects, for that is not a co-educational school. Your literary department is something to be proud of, being well supplied with good, interesting material.

The Black and Gold, Honolulu, H. I.—From far away Honolulu come three issues of the best monthly paper received by this department, January, February and March respectively. The January and March issues would have been excellent had it not been for the table of contents being on the cover. The February issue is without any table of contents, spoiling this issue. Your literary department as well as all other departments, are well edited and written in first-class style. Some arrangement should be made that would do away with your greatest fault, leaving out one of your departments in each publication.

The Commercial, S. F., Cal.—Your Christmas number is a success, every department being complete and up to the standard in every respect. Your literary department is by far the best, though your editorial and joke departments are both good. You must have a live business manager for you have numerous well placed ads.

Comus, Zanesville, O.—The November, December, February and March issues of *The Comus* have been received. All four issues have complete and well-written departments, while the cover designs are all neat and attractive. The Joke and Literary departments are the best in each issue. Athletics, as well as Editorials, are well written, while your cuts are neat. We do not like the arrangement of your ads, for it cheapens the appearance of your paper.

The Cogswell, S. F., Cal.—We have no criticism to make on the Christmas and March issues of *The Cogswell.* Every department is well edited and contains plenty of good material, though the Exchange department in the March issue looks as if it had not had proper attention; it is too short.

WILMERDING LIFE

El Gabilan—You still neglect the date of your issue. We notice that you have put your address in this issue. Your Literary department is not only the largest but the best part of you. Your stories are well written and carry one's interest to the end. Editorials are rather short as are Athletics, but both are good. School Notes are well taken care of, but those jokes are meaningless to us.

The Far Darter—You are one of the neatest and most up-to-date papers received by this department. Everything, from your Literary department to your Joshes, is interesting. "Meg's Study" is indeed a good story as is "Two Boys and One Dress Suit." Your Exchanges, although short, are good.

Guard and Tackle—There are some artists as well as story writers, in the Stockton High School, as is shown by the recent cover designs and Literary departments. We like the *Guard and Tackle*, for whenever we lay hands on an issue we are assured of a laugh from its lengthy Josh column. Your Editorials are well written and interesting and show that plenty of thought has been given to this department. Athletics are also written in a neat way.

The High School Review—If it were not for those ads in the fore part of the December issue, you would have been the best of your kind received. It gives you the appearance of a theatre program. Otherwise we have no criticisms to make.

The Kodak—The author of "The Tom Boy Girl" deserves credit for her get up, for it is certainly an interesting story. Your Editorials are good but your Exchange department is awfully short.

The Lowell—Your February issue has given Wilmerding a "severe roasting" in your Editorial and Athletic departments, for our conduct at the W. L. basketball game. We are sorry that a few of our number, aided by outsiders, showed ungentlemanly conduct, but most certainly the case was over stated by you, Lowell. Anyone who reads Lowell's scores during the basketball season can appreciate their feeling. Athletics are well written and edited in good form. Everyone of your numerous departments is at its best, excepting the Joke department, which well earns its name. You scatter your few jokes throughout your paper and leave your Joke department in the rear, looking as if jokes were never appreciated at Lowell.

The Loyal Sons' Clarion—The Christmas, 1909, February and March, 1910, issues were indeed a pleasure to read. Your material seems so different from most papers received, by us, that it is exceptionally interesting to read your publications. All of your departments are complete and well written, especially the Literary department; its stories are among the best we have read, keeping one's interest to the end.

Manzanita—The Christmas, 1909, and March, 1910, issues of the *Manzanita* contain some stories which are a credit to the paper. The get ups, such as "The Mystic Key," "The Van Johnsons Hear of Marse Zanta Claus" are very good.

The March issue, however, is the best of the two, for the departments are better edited. Your jokes are no doubt laughable to you, but to outsiders they are meaningless.

Madrono—The December and February issues of the *Madrono* are up to the usual standard. You always contain good interesting material wihch makes your paper a pleasure to read. "Good Luck" and "An Adventure in Havana" in the December issue, together with "Long Night at Cataract Gully," and "Training for Track Athletics" in the February issue are all interesting stories, for they magnetize one's attention. Your Jokes are humorous and your Editorial and Athletic departments well written.

The Magnet—The combined November and December issue of *The Magnet* is a newsy little paper but would be more attractive if it contained a cut or two together with a neat cover design. Nevertheless it contains enough material to make it interesting to its readers.

The Mission—The December issue is a great success. We can find nothing to criticize and have nothing but praise to offer you on behalf of your publication.

Normal Record—The Charter Day number of *The Normal Record* is an interesting paper, but the arrangement of the ads has cheapened its appearance. Nevertheless for its class and size it is a good paper, every department being represented, though some are short.

The Oahuan—From Punahau comes a paper that is a new one on our exchange table. *The Oahuan* is neat and attractive throughout, though a vast amount of improvement could have been made on the cover design. The numerous cuts and photographs are very interesting to us, giving us a fairly good idea of your tropical country. Come again, *Oahuan*.

The Oak—A very neat paper though small in departments. Your Literary department, what there is of it, is good, in fact it is so small that the goodness can hardly be appreciated. Your exchange department is by far the best, though your Editorials and Athletics are well edited. Get some of your story writers into action and boost up that Literary department. Come again, *Oak*, we are glad to have you in our exchange list.

The Owl—*The Owl* always furnishes plenty of interesting material as is shown in its December, January and February editions. The cover designs of the last two issues are too elaborate, according to our estimation. Every issue is bright and cheerful, made more so by the numerous cuts and humorous cartoons. Every department is up to date and well written, while the Literary department contains some of the best work that we have read for some time, each story being well gotten up.

The Olympus for December and February are both good issues for their size, although the cover design of the December issue could have been greatly

improved. What material you contain is good, also interesting, every department being well represented.

The Oracle is again on our table, lying almost out of reach as far as criticism is concerned. The only one is an old time-worn one, keep the ads out of the fore part. We enjoy reading the stories in The Oracle, together with the humorous jokes. All other departments are handled in a high-styled manner and are all worth reading. Your cuts add a great deal to the inside appearance of your paper.

The Powder Horn is a new member on our exchange list, and we heartily welcome it. The only criticism that we can make is in arrangement. You have your editorials placed between the material of your literary department and have cheapened your appearance by placing those ads in the front of your paper. Why have you left out a Joke department and scattered your few jokes throughout the paper? With those exceptions you would be a first class paper.

The Review—Your February and March issues are amongst the best of our monthly exchanges. Your stories are good but your Exchange department could be improved if it would make a few criticisms that show a paper has been carefully gone over. Your Editorials and Athletics are well worth reading.

Red and Blue is without doubt the neatest and most attractive of monthly papers received by this exchange. The Literary department contains some fine reading matter, which, with its accompanying illustration, makes it very enjoyable reading. Throughout, the paper is one that is carefully gotten up and its staff deserves credit.

The Skirmisher—Your December and April issues show how a paper can improve when the proper spirit is behind it. The only criticism we have to offer is that the name of your school and city should be in some prominent place. Your Literary department is first class, while your Editorials, in some cases, do a little too much public knocking. The boost for debating and athletics, however, balances matters. We like your humorous cartoons.

The Scribe—We are in receipt of two issues, the dates of which are a mystery to us. Both issues afford good reading to those who read them for they contain some interesting stories founded on good make-ups. The cover designs, as well as the cuts and cartoons are good, in fact every part of your editions are up to your usual standard. Your Jokes are humorous to yourself, no doubt, but to outsiders they won't energize the laughing relay.

The Sotoyoman—Your cover design is a good one, but some of your cuts in the interior portion of the paper are too large for the size of this issue, in fact it all looks out of proportion. What material you have in this issue is well written and interesting. The poem, "Written in a Country Churchyard," is well gotten up; the same can be said about the story, "A Romance Prosaic." Editorials contain some good advice; basketball also being well written.

The Tyro for November would have been a first class issue had it not been for those ads in the fore part of the paper. "Ysault—A Tale," is one of the neatest stories we have read, being well written and interesting to the end; the same can be said of "His Photographed Friend." Society is interesting, as it acquaints us with the good times our southern friends have. Pleasantries are numerous though some are rather old.

The Tattler, Nashua, N. H.—The December, January, February and March issues of *The Tattler* are on our exchange table, and all up to their usual standard. We do not, however, approve of the confused way in which the paper is arranged for scattering your Literary department throughout your paper not only spoils your appearance but your articles themselves. The material contained in these issues is all worth reading. Why not try a few new cuts? Those that you have are good, but the same thing over and over again gets monotonous.

The Tocsin for the December and March issues would have been two very good papers had it not been for the arrangement of the ads. The manner in which the rear portion of these papers has been cut up by the insertion of ads has completely ruined those departments placed there. Why not correct this fault and issue a perfect paper?

The Tiger—We have no criticism to make on either the Christmas number or the girls' issue for March. Everything is just right. By the contents and appearance of the girls' issue it seems that the girls are up to the boys in journalism.

Ye Searchlight—Your December issue is beyond criticism, every department being first class in all respects. Your cover design is neat.

Athletics

WILMERDING BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Scovel (Mgr), Skov, Palmer (Capt.), Wendering, Malott, Massed.

BASKETBALL.

A meeting of the members of the basketball team was held on Wednesday, April 6, 1910. Nominations were in order for captain.

Wendering, '11, was unanimously elected to fill that position. He is about the best player now in school, and ought to bring around desired results next year. After much discussion the matter of electing a manager was allowed to go over to next term. Scovel, manager of this year's team, proved to be a very efficient manager and made a successful financial proposition out of this year's team.

BASKETBALL (Interclass).

This interclass stunt seems to have revived school spirit. There is always a crowd on the oval playing basketball and baseball from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night. The appearance of the oval reminds one of old times. Each class has now teams in all branches of sport, and the rivalry between classes is developing good material for higher teams. The interclass baseball series does not begin until April, but the basketball games have started already.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 16th, the '12 class won from '10 by a score of 28 to 21, and '11 beat '13 with 23 points to '13's 17. The first game was very exciting and close up to the end, when '12 cinched the game by some heady playing. For '10 the work of Halling and W. Mueller stood out prominent. Hildebrand, Topke and Gibbs did the basket throwing for '12.

The second game was also interesting, and if Jimmy Flood was not there in the right time the scrubs would have copped the game. Things were pretty close in the second half, when he broke into the game, but when the whistle blew '11 was on the long end of the score.

The second batch of interclass basketball games was played on the oval on March 30, 1910. The '12 class, probable winners of the tournament, defeated the Freshmen by the one-sided score of 41 to 10. The features of the game were the team work of the '12 class and the good guarding of Boldeman and Uhte. The forwards took advantage of every opportunity and piled up a big score. Farley, one of '13's guards, was the class, as he scored the entire 10 points which '13 made.

The second game was between the '10 and '11 classes, and was finally won by the Seniors with a score of 14 to 12. This was the most closely contested game so far played, and was won by a timely throw into the basket near the end of the game. To W. Mueller fell the honor of completing '10's victory. The best players for the Seniors were Greninger and the forwards, while the others played a consistent game. Jimmy Flood led the good ones of the eleven class, but the others were well up in front. Altogether it was a snappy, fast game.

INTERCLASS BASKET-BALL CHAMPIONS.

Toepke. Gibbs. Uhte
Boldeman. Hildebrand (Capt.) Hynes.

What were supposed to be the last games of interclass basketball were held on Wednesday, April 6, 1910, on the school court. The eleven class showed a surprising reversal of form and ran away with the twelve class to the tune of 20 to 10, and caused some long faces.

This game, and the fact that '10 won from '13 with a 35 to 14 score in their favor, sets three teams ('10, '11, '12) back to start up a new league with '13 hopelessly out of it. The defeat of the '12 class was surprising by the ease with which it was done, and showed that either the '11 class has wonderfully improved or '12 has gone woefully stale. The outcome of the new league can not be foretold by the most experienced dopesters, as each team has showed such startling reversals of form during their games.

The '11 team played good ball, especially the forwards, Wilson and Flood. The '11 class lined up in the same way as before and so did '12, but the latter substituted Hynes for Uhte.

The '13 team was beaten easily by '10 and terminated an unsuccessful season. Better luck next time.

The team work of the '10 class was in the main responsible for their winning the game.

The first game of the final series of interclass basketball was pulled off on the oval after school on Monday, April 11, 1910. The Sophomores defeated the Juniors, 15 to 12, in a tight, exciting game. This '12 class bunch is all the class and have developed a very good system of team work which is effectual in their playing. The score was 8 all at the end of the first half and it was anlbody's game until the last three minutes of play, when Hildebrand tossed the ball into the basket and cinched the game. Beware of the '12 class. For the losers, all played a good article of ball, but were outlucked at critical stages.

On April 15 the Sophomores won from the '10 class by the score of 24 to 19, and thus won the championship and the pins. The game was close as the score indicates and ends a most interesting season of interclass basketball.

Undoubtedly a good deal of knowledge of basketball was acquired by the players in our league and some of them ought to make the big team next year.

SWIMMING TEAM.

Malott. Pierce. Radamacher (Capt.) Boldeman. Skov.

SWIMMING.

Owing to the carrying on of the other branches of athletics, swimming has been rather late in starting but a tryout has to be held very shortly and the candidates for the team ought to get into shape as soon as possible. Big "Chief" Rademacher has set apart Wednesday and Saturday afternoons as the times for his braves to take preliminary duckings. Owing to the departure of "Dutch" Salfield, the middle distance events are liable to have no representation unless some new fellows show up well in those events. Skov will continue to swim the hundred and Rademacher the 220 and maybe a longer distance.

The prospects are good for a winning relay team, however, as Rademacher, Skov, Pierce, Malott and Boldeman of last year's team will be able to compete in that event.

Dobbas, Uhte and Brauer are also expected to head the list of possible members of the team. The swimming meets are not far distant so all you swimmers buckle down now, to hard work.

Swimming Records.

Event.	Time.	Holder.	Date.
50 yds.	30 sec.	Clarence Fay	April 15, '05
100 yds.	1 min. 11 sec.	Clarence Fay	April 15, '05
220 yds.	3 min. 9 sec.	Clarence Fay	Mar. 4, '05
440 yds.	7:26 (5 turns)	A. Salfield	Dec. 3, '09
880 yds.	no record		
220 yd-relay	3 min. 20 sec.	[1] Mooser, [2] Ashley, [3] Merchant, [4] Chapman, [5] Beckwith, [6] Demeritt.—'08.	

TRACK—S. F. A. L.

The San Francisco field day was held on Saturday morning, March 19, 1910, at Golden Gate Park Stadium. The weather was nasty, raining all the time, and as a result the crowd was small and high class performances were out of the question. Marks were not taken in the high jump and pole vault as the judges were in favor of a quick adjournment.

Lick liked the muddy going and won the meet. Wilmerding had a few entries and annexed a few points.

Kluver, Sophomore, tied for 4th in the high jump. Malott tackled the broad jump and placed third.

Gibbs took 4th place in the shot heaving contest. Borroughs, '13, tied for second in the polt vault. The result of the places was 4 5-6 points. There were more track men from school than spectators, but at the next meet, if good weather prevails, a good bunch will undoubtedly be present.

TRACK TEAM.

Burroughs. Flood. Gibbs. Malott. Wright. Munk (Capt.) Roberts. Turnbull. Voddern. Kluver. Wagenet. Carnduff.

INTERCLASS FIELD DAY.

The interclass field day was held on March 9. It was won by the Sophomores, with the Juniors second and the Freshmen third. The Seniors owe their 14 points to the efforts of the two entries from that class, Wright and Roberts. The Freshmen made 25 points, the Sophomores 45 and the '11 Class, with three entries and a scrub relay team, tagged 39 points. The 50-yard dash was won by Malott in the good time of 5:4; he also won the low hurdles and the hundred in good time. The 440-yard dash was won by Wright, who romped in at the end of 59½ seconds. The low hurdles were a competition between Malott, Kluver, Wright and Nutter, the former winning, and Wright and Nutter tied for a close second. This event was run off in 6 2-5 seconds.

The high hurdles were won by Kluver, with Wright second and Gibbs third.

The middle and long distance runs developed some close competition between Carnduff, a Freshman, and Munk, a Junior, in the mile, and Gibbs and Munk in the half mile.

Gibbs tossed the lead sphere 41 feet 2 inches, which is a high-class performance.

Those who were awarded pins are Malott, Turnbull, Wright, Munk, Carnduff, Gibbs, Kluver and Borroughs. The interest ran high at the meet and the success of the meet testifies to the class and school spirit which has been aroused by interclass athletics this term.

The team chosen to represent the school on track this year was chosen from the interclass, and consists of Malott and Turnbull in the sprints and field events; Carnduff and Munk in the distances; Gibbs and Maddern in the weights; Kluver and Borroughs also in the field events, and Wright in the middle distances. Not a large team, is it? There's always room for one more, however, in most cases, and in this case there is room for as many as will respond, as practically all the events need more representation than what is accorded them now.

Summary.

50-yard dash—Won by Malott; Voddern, second; Kluver, third. Time, 5 4-5 sec.

100-yard dash—Won by Malott; Turnbull, second; Voddern, third. Time—11 1-5 sec.

220-yard dash—Won by Turnbull; Roberts, second. Time—27 4-5 sec.

440-yard dash—Won by Wright; Leeper, second; Roberts, third. Time—1 min. 2-5 sec.

880-yard run—Won by Gibbs; Munk, second; Carnduff, third. Time—2 min. 21 4-5 sec.

Mile run—Won by Carnduff; Munk second; Wagenet, third. Time—5 min. 20 4-5 sec.

Low hurdles—Won by Malott; Nutter tied Wright. Time—6 2-5 sec.

High hurdles—Won by Kluver; Wright, second; Gibbs, third. Time—6 4-5 sec.

THE INTER-DEPARTMENT FIELD DAY.

The inter-department field day was held on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 23, inaugurating the present track season. The weather conditions were good and the athletes showed a marked improvement over the last year's work. As usual, the Architects won the meet, due in the main to the efforts of Ted Malott, who scored 28 points during the day. The Architects scored a number of points, over 50, with but six entries. The Freshmen did good work in this meet and had many point winners. Munk of the Architects won the mile, with Wagenet of the Architects second.

Wright and Roberts, both of the Architects, had things to themselves in the quarter, placing as named. The Electricians were second in this meet, the other teams from other departments not being well represented.

Carnduff, a Freshman, and Borroughs, also a Freshman, distinguished themselves in this meet.

Summary.

50-yard dash—First, Malott; second, Kluver; third, Turnbull. Time—5 4-5 sec.

100-yard dash—First, Malott; second, Turnbull; third, Nutter. Time—11 1-5 sec.

220-yard dash—First, Malott; second, Turnbull; third, Wright. Time—27 sec.

440-yard dash—First, Wright; second, Roberts; third, Hansell. Time—1 min. 1 sec.

880-yard run—First, Carnduff; second, Hansell. Time—2 min. 24 sec.

Mile run—First, Munk; second, Wagenet. Time—5 min. 17 sec.

Low (3) hurdles—First, Malott; second, Nutter; third, Borroughs. Time, 6 2-5 sec.

Shot put—First, Maddern; second, Malott; third, Borroughs. Dist.—39 feet 8 in.

Pole vault—First, Burroughs; second, Wagenet; third, Hansell. Dist.—8 feet 6 ins.

High jump—First, Turnbull; second, Kluver; third, Borroughs. Dist.—5 feet 1 in.

Broad jump—First, Malott; second, Turnbull; third, Borroughs. Dist.—18 feet 8 ins.

High jump—Won by Kluver; Turnbull, second; Borroughs, third. Dist.—4 feet 11 ins.

Broad jump—Won by Munk; Burroughs, second; Wagenet, third. Dist.—18 feet 9 ins.

Pole vault—Won by Carnduff; Borroughs, second; Wagenet, third. Dist.—8 feet 4 ins.

Shot put—Won by Gibbs; Maddern, second; Massed, third. Dist.—41 feet 2 ins.

Relay—Won by Juniors; Sophomores, second.

The W. S. I. A. vs. Poly. Meet.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 13, the track team met the Polytechnic High School team in a dual meet on our oval. The day was fine, except for a slight breeze on the home stretch. The first event on the program, the 50-yard dash, resulted in a brisk competition between Malott of Wilmerding and Adair of Poly., the latter winning in the fast time of .05:3. The half-mile, next on the program, was won handily from O'Connor of Poly. by Munk of Wilmerding in the good time of 2.21. The hundred-yard dash was the next event, and Malott beat his rival Adair with room to spare. An unusually large number of entries were had in the 440-yard dash. Leeper and Wright early took the lead, with the latter gradually pulling ahead, and, showing a gain of form, finally won the race in the good time of 59:1. Mentz of Poly. was second and Sangster of Wilmerding third. The mile followed the quarter and developed into an exhibition of gameness seldom equalled. After fighting to maintain his lead through the whole race with a broken tendon in his left foot, Carnduff of Wilmerding won from Sprague of Poly. in 5.20. The 220-yard dash was uneventful, and was finally won by Malott of Wilmerding, who ran as he pleased. In the broad jump, Malott and Adair again met in the finals, Adair winning with a leap of 20 feet 1 inch. Malott came second with 19 feet 5 inches to his credit and Turnbull annexed third place. The standard of the performances in the field events was surprisingly good, as it took a put of 40 feet 1½ inches to decide the shot put in favor of Adair. The high jump was won easily by Kluver of Wilmerding, with 5 feet 2½ inches to his credit. It is to be greatly hoped that the school at large will profit by the example set by the track team and follow along in the other branches of athletics. Plans have already been made for a return meet with Poly., and meets with other city and country high schools are under consideration. The summary is as follows:

Summary.

50-yard dash—Won by Adair (P.); second, Malott (W.); third, Kluver (W.). Time—5 3-5 sec.

100-yard dash—Won by Malott (W.); second, Adair (P.); third, Kluver (W.).

220-yard dash—Won by Malott (W.); second, Lebrasky (P.); third, Wright (W.). Time—27 sec.

440-yard dash—Won by Wright (W.); second, Mentz (P.); third, Sangster (W.). Time—59 1-5 sec.

880-yard run—Won by Munk (W.); second, O'Connor (P.); third, Riley (P.). Time—2 min. 21 4-5 sec.

Mile run—Won by Carnduff (W.); second, Sprague (P.); third, Roberts (P.). Time—5 min. 20 sec.

Pole vault—Won by Carnduff (W.); second, Borroughs (W.); third, Turnbull (W.); Jenson (P.). Dist.—8 feet 6 ins.

Shot put—Won by Adair (P); second, Rankin (P.); third, Malott (W.). Dist.—40 feet 1½ ins.

High jump—Won by Kluver (W.); second, Rankin (P.); third, Adair (P.). Dist.—5 feet 2½ ins.

Broad jump—Won by Adair (P.); second, Malott (W.); third, Turnbull (W.). Dist.—20 feet 1 in.

Relay—Won by Poly.; second, Wilmerding. Poly. team—Adair, O'Connor, Lebrasky, Coulon. Wilmerding team—Kluver, Wright, Turnbull, Malott.

The final score was 55½ to 49½ in favor of Wilmerding. The track team wishes to thank the officials for the courtesy they showed in performing their official duties in the track meets. Miss Edwards acted as Scorer and Mr. Wood and Miss Anderson as Timer and Judge of Finish, respectively. Owing to the interclass ball games at Golden Gate Park, there was a lack of spectators at the field day, but in the future we hope to have the meets better attended.

School Records on the School Track.

50-yard dash—Oscar Vitt. Time, 5 3-5 sec. March 18, 1908

50-yard dash—T. Malott. Time, 5 3-5 sec. '09.

100-yard dash—T. Malott. Time, 11 sec. '09.

220-yard dash—Wm. Ashley. Time, 25 3-5 sec. March 18, 1908.

440-yard dash—John Willison. Time, 58 4-5 sec. October 22, 1904.

880-yard run—John Willison. Time, 2 min. 18 2-5 sec. March 11, 1905.

Mile run—Wm. Heidenreich. Time, 4 min. 51 2-5 sec.

Two-mile run—Wm. Barkley. Time, 11 min. 18 sec. '05.

50-yard high hurdles—O. Baumbaugh. Time, 7 sec. '07.

100-yard low hurdles—J. Walton. Time, 13 sec. April 29, 1905.

120-yard low hurdles—Grincell and Baumbaugh. Time, 15 1-5 sec. May, '07.

Half-mile relay—Douglass, [2]Paulson, [3]Egenhoff, [4]Raser, [5]Layng, [6]Tully. Time, 1 min. 44 2-5 sec. October 27, 1904.

Mile relay—Daniels, [2]Willison, [3]Lemon, [4]Paulson, [5]Heidenreich, [6]Douglass. Time, 3 min. 52 2-5 sec.

High jump—O. Baumbaugh. Dist., 5 feet 5 in. '08.

Broad jump—O. Baumbaugh. Dist., 21 feet 9½ in. Feb., '08.

Pole vault—C. Klein. Dist., 10 feet 2½ in. '07.

Shot put—John Willison. Dist., 41 feet 6 in. '07.

Discus throw—Wm. Merchant. Dist., 96 feet 2 in. April 28, 1908.

Wilmerding Records on Other Tracks.

100-yard dash—J. Lemon. Time, 11 2-5 sec. April 1, 1905.

220-yard dash—B. Tully. Time 25 sec. April 15, 1905.

220-yard dash—Wm. Ashley. Time, 25 sec. March 21, 1908.

440-yard dash—J. Willison. Time, 55 sec. '07.

880-yard run—J. Willison. Time, 2 min. 10 sec.
Mile run—Leon Wing. Time, 4 min. 56 sec.
Two-mile run—Wm. Barkley. Time, 10 min. 49 2-5 sec.
220-yard low hurdles—T. Malott. Time, 28 1-5 sec. '10.
120-yard high hurdles—O. Baumbaugh. Time, 19 sec. '07.
Broad jump—O. Baumbaugh. Dist., 21 feet 9 in. April 11, 1908.
High jump—O. Baumbaugh. Dist., 5 feet 7½ in. April 11, 1908.
Pole vault—Baumbaugh, Klein, Willison. Dist., 10 feet 4 in.
Hammer throw—F. Demeritt. Dist., 124 feet 3 in. March 21, 1908.

In many instances records were better on the school track than on outside tracks. The work of the track men this year bids fair to be good and some of the present records may go. Gibbs is putting the shot close to the record and Malott has shown great speed in the low hurdles, in which he has reduced the school record quite a bit. The half-mile record is a little better than present marks.

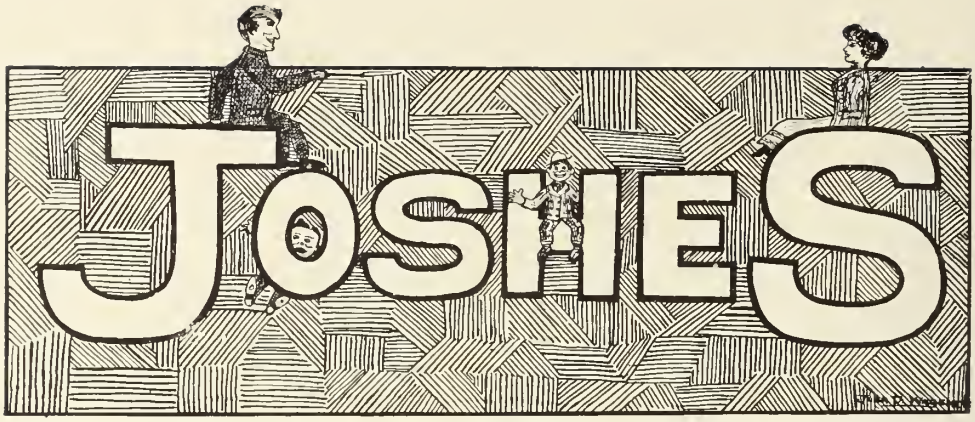
BASEBALL.

The baseball season was ushered in this term in the form of an interclass series, there being no league teams. On Wednesday afternoon, April 13, two slugfests were held at Golden Gate Park. '11 won from '12 in a runaway game, by the score of 26 to 1. At the beginning of the game it was thought that a hard game would be in order, but the Juniors came to the front early and had enough runs in the first inning to win half a dozen games. Wendering pitched a masterly ball and his team hit well behind him and accorded him almost perfect support. '12 used every one of near-pitching ability to try to stem the tide of runs, but to no avail. The game was called at the end of the eighth, the score being hopeless and '12's stock of pitchers used up.

On next Wednesday the '12 and '13 classes meet and also the '11 and '10. Those games ought to be better contested than the first two.

The second game of the day, between '10 and '13, was also one-sided, as '13 had scarcely any one out there and Jack Palmer was forced to play first base. Also '13 was not in form, as they heaved the ball every place but the right place. The score was about 35 to 8 in favor of the '10 class when the scorer quit. The '10 class team did not play league ball, of course, but had some good batting practice. The surprise of the day was the slamming of the ball by Pete Skov. The big fellow leaned against the ball for a homer, three-cushion swat and a few singles, and every time up he hit it on the nose. The game might have been going on yet, but the '10 class got tired after three hours' playing and let themselves be put out.

Under this topic we might mention the fact that Oscar Vitt, who used to go to this school, has secured a berth with the San Francisco team of the Coast League and is getting along nicely. Needless to say, the school feels proud of him and a bunch of the fellows are rooting for him. Good luck to Oscar.



COMMENTS ON THE SPEECHES AT THE AWARDING OF THE INTERCLASS PINS.

Munk wanted to thank the student body for his pin. Why the deuce didn't he?

Turnbull's speech was nicely written, but he needs a little more life in reciting.

Burroughs didn't think it was very hard to make six points, but he tells us he just made them.

Carndoff's speech was short and sweet.

Wright's speech was not given, as he was not present. It was a shame, for it would have been of great educational benefit to the students.

Gibbs hoped there was no ill-feeling between the eleven and twelve classes, and wants us all to come to the twelve class dance. He handed us the pass-word—fifty cents.

Kluver received his pin with a nice little speech that he learned during the noon hour.

Malott deigns to take his pin, which was barely won by nineteen points.

PAY ATTENTION.

Miss Anderson—Smith, take that hair out of your eyes.

Smith—What example did you say?

Goldman (in chemistry laboratory)—Hey, lend me a milk bottle, will you?

Hynes—What do you think this is, a nursery?

INTERPRETATION.

A little boy from the city was visiting some friends in the country, and one morning he heard a dove cooing.

He called his mother and told her to listen to that dove say, "Look at the coon."

Hansen's foot was asleep in mechanical, but Mr. McHenry woke it when he called the roll.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS—NIT.

First Rube—I hope the comet don't hit us. If it falls in the ocean it will be all right.

Second Rube—Oh, don't worry about that, the comet is way over in China now.

Butler—My Lord, the Duke awaits without the portals.

King—Tell the darned fool to go back and get them.

APPRECIATION.

Roberts—I gave a joke to the josh editor and he laughed at it.

Skov—That is all the appreciation you get for trying to help him out.

TRICKS IN PLUMBING.

Pearson—How do you make the fall in kitchen sinks?

Reinhertz—By knocking the supports from under them.

Brauer—Lend me your freehand pen.

Scovel—It's no good.

Brauer—I just want to see if it will print.

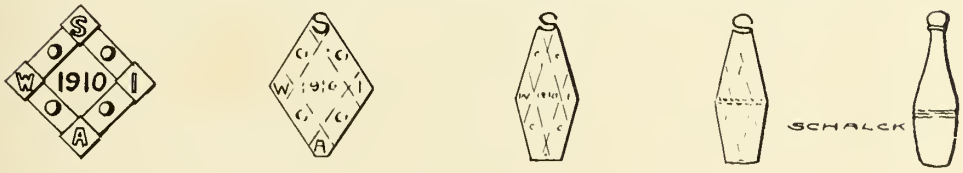
Scovel—What do you think it is, a printing press?

Freshman—Mr. Wood, may I use glue instead of solder?

Mr. Wood—Glue! What for?

Freshman—To glue my tin box. It is easier than soldering.

EVOLUTION OF THE TEN{10}PIN.



Kluver—Did you see Al?
Turnbull—Al who?
Kluver—Algebra.

VALUABLE ASSISTANCE.

Mr. Wood—Have you finished your job yet, Greninger?
Greninger—Yes, sir. I finished an hour ago.
Mr. Wood—What is your job, Farley?
Farley—I am helping Greninger.

Prosek—What do you think of this notice?
O'Brien—It makes me hot.
Prosek—Why?
O'Brien—Because it is not-ice.

A COPY DIRECT.

Rae—I don't like the way your story ends.
Lasell—Oh, yours is not much better.
Rae—Well, it is just like the book.

A girl saw a Great Dane dog standing on a street corner. She turned to her friend and said, "Oh! Look at the big Swede dog."

A new language has been introduced into America, and luckily the professor who introduced it is here at school. He states that the language is spoken in the country between Ireland and Scotland—Milpitas, I believe he said. It is indeed a remarkable language, being considerably shorter than the English, and as Professor Halling (for such is his name) offers to give lessons free, it is hoped that the language will soon be used throughout the country. Halling's office, in the architectural room, is now open for lessons.

OH, YOU RAINBOW.

Mr. Christensen (explaining the color of aluminum by transmitted light) —It is a bluish, pinkish color.

Bettencourt (working geometry)—How do you clear fractions?
Lang—Filter them.

Regnier (to Weber)—I sent back East to get my fortune told, and they gave me a telescope of my life (horoscope).

Scrub—Where is brick?
Sophomore—Brick who?
Scrub—Brickshop.

Goldman (in plumbing)—I don't see why they don't make the gas pipes smaller and get a greater pressure.

WANTED.

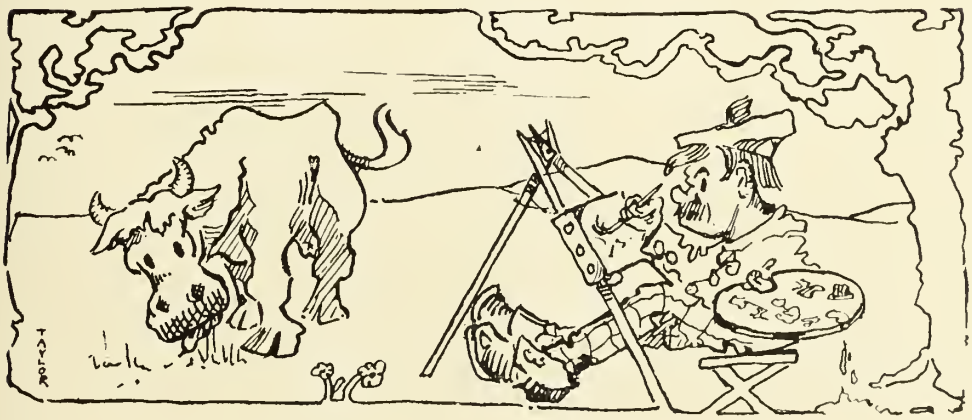
Some giant's food for Johnny Pierce.
Someone to take care of the Wilmerding kindergarten.
A house high enough for Scovel to stand up straight in.

A man went to a store to buy a shirtwaist for his wife.
Salesman—What bust?
The Man—I don't know. I didn't hear anything.

Newman—How is business nowadays?
Drummer (for Port Costa flour)—Pretty good. I sold a lot of flour in the San Joaquin valley.
Newman—I'll bet you sold a lot in Bakersfield.

Teacher—Now will some one make a sentence with "disappoint" in it?
The class looked thoughtful, and then someone held up a tack and said, "I just sat on dis a point."

Miss Edwards (to class)—How does the studying of the "Great Debate" differ from that of History?
Vane—You have to study harder.



Miss Bell—I will show you how to make warm and cold shadows.
Wilson—What is a cold shadow—a shadow from a block of ice?

Hansell (after reading notice "Place your boards in the slot numbered to correspond with your period")—What slot shall I put my board in? I am here the second and third periods.
Mr. McHenry—Well, put it in the second and third slots.

Scovel refuses to keep score for the future eleven-twelve baseball games unless provided with an adding machine and a small boy to run it.
Score—26-1.

Census Taker—Were all your children born in the United States?
Lady—No. Two of them were born in San Francisco.

Mr. Maybeck (to Campbell, who never puts the sawhorses away)—Hey, Campbell, put your horses in the stable.

Don't talk fresh to Munk, or he'll "paste you one in da beak."

Stephen—Haven't you got a finer pen?
Goldman—I'd lend you my freehand pen, but I have none.

A MIX IN SEX.

Miss Edwards—What relation is Henry to Elizabeth?
Taylor—He is her sister.

Stegeman—Why has Sublette got holes in his hat?
Thors—Because he talks through it.

BEWARE.

Loftus—You had better not walk on Market street.
Chamberlain—Why not?
Loftus—Because it's bit two men (bitumen).

OH! HOW WISE!

Warner—What gender is IT?
Regnier—Common gender, because it is commonly used.

Munk (in freehand)—Gee, this is a heavy pen.
Greninger—Break off a little and it will be lighter.

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Pat—Mike, those are blackberries.

Mike—That's funny; they look red to me.

Pat—Don't you know that blackberries are red when they're green?

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Librarian—Well, you go to the Dickens, and look for it.

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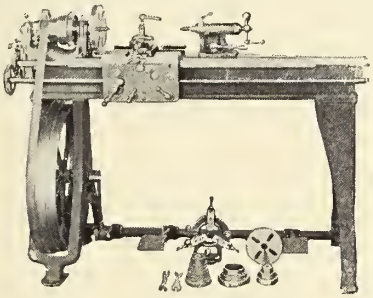

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